



No. 321.—VOL. XXV.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 22, 1899.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



PRINCESS CHARLES OF DENMARK (PRINCESS MAUD OF WALES).

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF THE PRINCESS, TAKEN IN COPENHAGEN.



MONUMENT OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS
IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

This effigy, which has been photographed by Messrs. Bolas, has never been taken before. Mary was executed in the Great Hall of Fotheringhay, Feb. 8, 1587 (being informed of her fate only on the previous day). Queen Elizabeth gave her a royal burial in Peterborough Cathedral on Aug. 1. The body was transferred in 1612 by James VI., her son, to the south aisle of Henry the Seventh's Chapel, Westminster Abbey. The painting and gilding of the monument cost £265, the sarcophagus and effigy (by Cornelius Curre) £825 10s., and the iron grate £195.

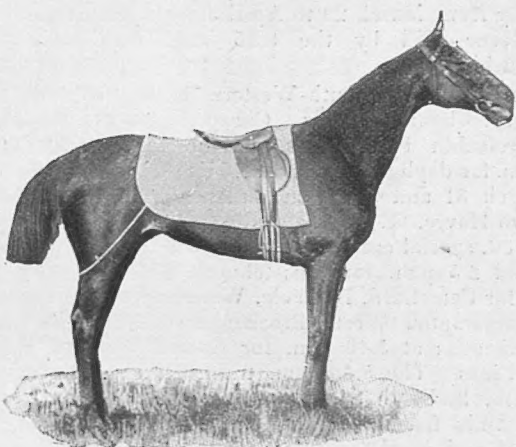
RUNNERS AT LINCOLN AND LIVERPOOL.



MAJOR FENWICK'S COUNTY COUNCIL.
Entered in the Grand National.



MR. L. MCCREERY'S PRINCE BARCADDINE.
Won the Lincolnshire Handicap 1898, Entered in the Lincolnshire Handicap 1899.



LORD STANLEY'S GOLDEN RULE.
Entered in the Liverpool Spring Cup.



MR. W. COOPER'S NEWHAVEN II.
Entered in the Liverpool Spring Cup.



LORD WILLIAM BERESFORD'S KNIGHT OF THE THISTLE.
Entered in the Lincolnshire Handicap.



MR. C. S. NEWTON'S CLIPSTONE.
Entered in the Lincolnshire Handicap.



MR. C. G. M. ADAMS'S DROGHEDA.
Won the Grand National 1898, Entered in the Grand National 1899.



MR. H. D. PARAVICINI'S ROOKWOOD.
Entered in the Lincolnshire Handicap.

THE TRAINING OF STAGE-BEARS.

On a recent occasion I devoted some space to an account of M. Permane, who was exhibiting a troupe of performing bears at the Alhambra. After his engagement there was done, he went on tour, and when he was at Blackpool I received this letter from Mr. Joseph F. Simpson, Consulting Engineer to the Empire Theatre Company at Blackpool. Mr. Simpson, who supports this letter with the names of witnesses, wrote as follows to me some weeks ago (although, from a press of matter, I have been compelled to hold over his communication till now)—

The Editor, *Sketch*.

DEAR SIR,—I have met M. Permane under circumstances detailed below, and at the time I had special opportunity for judging the reliability of his statement that "it's all done by kindness."

As Consulting Engineer to the Empire Theatre Company (Blackpool), Limited, I have frequently occasion to visit the theatre early in the day, and it was during one of these visits that I first met M. Permane, who at the time was fulfilling an engagement there. I happened to arrive at the theatre in the midst of a rehearsal of this "show," and found M. Permane on the stage, together with three bears and a large boarhound. He was teaching one of the bears to balance on a swinging horizontal bar, a most difficult feat.

Several times the bear fell off, and, as a result, was thrashed unmercifully with a heavy whip over the head, kicked, and otherwise treated in M. Permane's eminently kind manner. Again the poor brute fell, and the trainer seemed to think the time had come for more effective methods. He turned to a horizontal bar fixed about four feet from the floor, and, by means of a chain, or rope, attached to the bear's neck, he hauled it up until its head rested on and over the bar. Fastening the chain to one of the side supports, he then took the butt-end of his heavy whip and beat the bear over the nose until its cries of agony could be heard all over the building. He also kicked it unmercifully about the lower parts of the body, and generally gave such an exhibition of brutality as I, personally, have never seen equalled.

Afterwards, when I met him at the entrance to the theatre, and told him in very plain English just what I thought of him, he asked me what business it was of mine; and when I claimed the right of every Englishman to interfere when he sees animals ill-used, he retorted that he was *not an Englishman*, and could not be touched by English laws. Unfortunately, this is quite true. The English law affords no protection to wild animals, and these foreign trainers are quick to take advantage of the fact.

Now, sir, consider the conditions of life of the poor animals, cooped up in strong wooden cages so small that they are unable to turn round, without light and almost without air, tortured each day at rehearsal until absolute paralysing fear of their trainer has replaced every natural feeling—and for what end? Simply to afford fifteen minutes' entertainment daily to an audience of Englishmen who, could they realise only a tithe of the intolerable suffering and cruelty incident to such an exhibition, would hiss it off the stage.

I leave you to judge of the truth of M. Permane's statement that "it's all done by kindness." I have seen the hidden side of many of these "animal shows," and in only one case have I seen the slightest attempt to train the animals by humane methods. But I have seen every form of cruelty, and in some cases an almost fiendish ingenuity in devising fresh means of inculcating that state of horrible fear which alone enables animal-trainers in general and M. Permane in particular to ply their wretched and brutal trade.

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WHERE TO GO AT EASTER.

The Railway Companies, as usual, offer special facilities for travellers at Easter. The Brighton Railway Company, by their Newhaven, Dieppe, and Rouen route to Paris and the Continent, through the charming scenery of Normandy and the Valley of the Seine, will run a special fourteen-day excursion to Paris on Thursday morning, March 30, and also by the Express Night Service on the evenings of March 29 to April 3, inclusive. To ensure punctuality, two or more trains and steamers will be run as required by the traffic. Cheap return tickets to Caen for Normandy and Brittany will also be issued from London Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday, March 29 and 30 and April 1, by the direct route, via Newhaven, available for return on the following Monday, Wednesday, or Friday. Cheap return tickets to Dieppe will be issued on Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, March 30 to April 2, available for return on any day up to and including the following Tuesday.

The South-Eastern and Chatham and Dover Railways will run a cheap Friday to Wednesday excursion from Charing Cross and Cannon Street at 2.45 p.m. for Boulogne and 9 p.m. for Calais, on Thursday, March 30, and from Charing Cross, Victoria, Cannon Street, and Holborn at 9 a.m. for Calais, on Friday, March 31, returning up to the 7.50 p.m. boat from Boulogne on the following Wednesday, or 1.35 a.m. boat from Calais the following Thursday morning. Cheap eight-day tickets to Amsterdam, Arnheim, Rotterdam, Utrecht, and The Hague will be issued each day from March 29 to April 3 from Victoria, Holborn, St. Paul's, and Herne Hill by the 8.25 a.m. day service via Queenboro' and Flushing.

The London and South-Western Railway will run a special daylight trip to the Channel Islands. Cheap tickets 24s. 6d., third-class by train and fore-cabin by steamer, will be issued from Waterloo, &c. At 8.55 a.m. for daylight trip and 9.45 p.m. on March 30. Also at 8.30 p.m. on March 31 and 9.45 p.m. on April 1 and 3. Similar tickets will be issued to Havre, St. Malo, and Cherbourg on certain days. On Thursday, March 30, special extra fast trains will leave Waterloo as follows: At 1.45 and 2.5 p.m. for Christchurch, Boscombe, and Bournemouth; at 3 p.m. for Camelford, Delabole, Wadebridge, and Bodmin; at 4.40 p.m. for Southampton West, Brockenhurst, Christchurch, Boscombe, and Bournemouth; at 5.40 p.m. for Exeter, West of England, and North Devon Lines. The 5.50 p.m. train will also convey passengers to the Sidmouth, Budleigh Salterton, and North Devon Line stations. The 6 p.m. train from Waterloo will convey passengers to Swanage on March 30 and April 3. The 9.45 p.m. mail will convey passengers to Bournemouth East on Thursday, March 30, and to Weymouth on March 30, April 1 and 3.

For visiting Holland and Germany during the Easter holidays, the Great Eastern Railway Company's Hook of Holland Royal Mail route offers exceptional facilities. Passengers leaving London in the evening and the Northern and Midland counties in the afternoon arrive at the chief Dutch cities the following morning. From the Hook of Holland through-carriages run to Cologne, Bâle, and Berlin, reaching Cologne at noon, Bâle and Berlin in the evening. Restaurant-cars also run on the North and South German express trains to and from the Hook of Holland. Special cheap tickets have been arranged by the Harwich-Antwerp route for passengers wishing to visit Brussels, for the Field of Waterloo. The General Steam Navigation Company's fast passenger-steamers *Peregrine* and *Seamew* will leave Harwich on March 30 and April 1, returning April 2 and 5.

The Great Western Railway Company issue cheap tickets at special low fares and available on the forward journey on March 30, 31, April 1, 2, or 3, from London to Bath, Bristol, Minehead, Ilfracombe, Exeter, Plymouth, Falmouth, Penzance, Yeovil, Dorchester, Weymouth, and certain other stations in the South and West of England. On Tuesday, March 28, an excursion, allowing a fortnight, will be run to Killarney (via Cork). On Wednesday, March 29, excursions, allowing a fortnight in Ireland, will be run to Waterford, Limerick, Killarney, Belfast, Armagh, Giant's Causeway, &c. On Thursday, March 30, a special boat express for Weymouth will leave Paddington at 8.50 a.m., and a special day-boat for Guernsey and Jersey will leave Weymouth at 2 p.m. Tickets will be issued at 24s. 6d. return, available by this daylight service, or on March 30, April 1 and 3, by the usual boat-train leaving Paddington at 9.15 p.m. and the night boat leaving Weymouth at 2.15 a.m. The cheap tickets to the Channel Islands by the popular short-sea route, via Weymouth, will be available for fourteen days. On Good Friday and Easter Sunday, cheap trains will run to Reading, Oxford, and other riverside stations.

The Midland Railway will run cheap excursion trains from London on Tuesday, March 28, to Londonderry, via Morecambe, by direct steamer, returning within sixteen days, as per sailing-bill. On Wednesday, March 29, to Dublin, Cork, Killarney, &c. (via Morecambe and via Liverpool), returning any week-day within sixteen days. On Wednesday, March 29, to Belfast, Londonderry, Portrush, &c. (via Barrow and via Liverpool), available for returning any week-day within sixteen days. Cheap week-end tickets will be issued on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, March 30, 31, and April 1, from London (St. Pancras), to the principal holiday and pleasure resorts, including the Peak District of Derbyshire, Morecambe, Yorkshire, the North-East Coast, Scotland, and other parts, available for return on any day up to and including Tuesday, April 4, except day of issue. Cheap week-end and day excursion tickets will also be issued to Southend-on-Sea during the Easter holidays, for particulars of which see special bills.

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KAMSGATE ...	7 38	4 0	8 0	5 0*
MARGATE ...	7 38	4 0	8 0	5 0*
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HERNE BAY ...	8 0	3 0	8 20	3 6
MARGATE ...	8 0	4 0	8 20	5 0
KAMSGATE ...	8 0	4 0	8 20	5 0
SHEERNESS ...	8 30	2 6	9 55	2 6
TUNBRIDGE WELLS ...	9 15	3 0	9 0	4 0
WALMER ...	8 35	4 0	7 0	5 0
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BOULOGNE.—Charing Cross, dep. 2.45 p.m., and Cannon Street, 2.50 p.m., Saturday, April 1, 21s. (First Class), 12s. 6d. (Third Class). Returning up to 7.50 p.m. on Easter Monday. On March 30 and 31, from Charing Cross and Cannon Street, 3.4s. (First Class), 19s. (Third Class), available for 6 days and by certain Services only. On **EASTER MONDAY**, leaving Charing Cross at 10 a.m., Day Trip, 14s. (First Class), 9s. (Third Class).

PARIS.—Charing Cross, Victoria, Cannon Street, and Holborn, dep. 9 a.m.; also 10 a.m. from Charing Cross only, THURSDAY, March 30, First and Second Class only.

Charing Cross and Cannon Street, dep. 2.45 p.m. and 9 p.m., March 29 to April 3, Victoria, dep. 9.5 p.m. March 29 and 30, 58s. 4d. (First Class), 37s. 6d. (Second Class), 30s. (Third Class). Tickets valid 14 days.

CALAIS.—Charing Cross, Victoria, Cannon Street, and Holborn, dep. 9 a.m., Easter Monday, Day Trip, 15s. (First Class), 10s. (Third Class). Cheap 6 Day Tickets on March 30 and 31, 35s. (First Class), 20s. (Third Class).

BRUSSELS, via Calais or via Boulogne.—Charing Cross, Victoria, Cannon Street, and Holborn, dep. 9 a.m. (via Calais, First and Second Class only); from Charing Cross and Cannon Street at 2.45 p.m. (via Boulogne) or 9 p.m. (via Calais), March 29 to April 3, also from Victoria at 9.5 p.m. on March 29 and 30, 47s. 6d. (First Class), 33s. 5d. (Second Class), 22s. 2d. (Third Class). Tickets valid 8 days. **SIMILAR BOOKINGS** via OSTEND. For fares and further particulars see handbills.

HOLLAND.—Cheap 8 day Tickets, via Queenborough and Flushing, 8.25 a.m. Day Service from Victoria and Holborn (March 29 to April 3) to Amsterdam, Arnheim, The Hague, Rotterdam, and Utrecht.

OSTEND.—Cheap 8 day Return Tickets by certain Services from Charing Cross, Victoria, Cannon Street, Holborn, March 29 to April 3. 28s. 3d. (First Class), 19s. 9d. (Second Class). See handbills.

The CONTINENTAL SERVICES AS USUAL, with the EXCEPTION of the 5.33 p.m. Ostend Service, which will not run from Victoria, Holborn, or St. Paul's on Good Friday and Easter Sunday. A SPECIAL BOAT EXPRESS in connection with the CALAIS and OSTEND STEAMERS will leave VICTORIA (ONLY) at 9.5 p.m. on March 29 and 30.

For full particulars of the Return Times of the above Excursions, Alterations in Train Services, &c., see Bills and Holiday Programme. ALFRED WILLIS, General Manager.

EASTER ON THE CONTINENT, by the Harwich-Hook of Holland
Royal Mail Route, leaving London every evening, and arriving at the chief Dutch cities early next morning.

GERMANY.—Direct Services via the Hook of Holland. Restaurant-Cars on the North and South German Express Trains.

BELGIUM.—BRUSSELS—Cheap Return Tickets. The Ardennes, &c., via Antwerp, daily (Sundays excepted).

DIRECT SERVICE to HARWICH from Scotland, the North, and Midlands. Restaurant-Car from York.

HAMBURG by G.S.N. Company's fast passenger steamers from Harwich March 30 and April 1. Particulars at the Great Eastern Railway Company's American Rendezvous, 2, Cockspur Street, S.W.; or of the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.—CHEAP TICKETS will be issued on GOOD FRIDAY, SATURDAY, EASTER SUNDAY, and MONDAY, March 31, April 1, 2, and 3, by certain trains from PADDINGTON, Addison Road, Hammersmith, &c., to Staines (2s.), WINDSOR (2s. 6d.), TAPLOW and MAIDENHEAD (3s.), Cookham, Bourne End, Marlow, Shipplake, and HENLEY (3s. 6d.), Tilehurst, Pangbourne, and Goring (6s.), Chislehurst (6s. 6d.), and on SATURDAY and EASTER MONDAY ONLY to WALLINGFORD (7s.).
For particulars of Excursions to West of England, South Wales, Birmingham, &c., see pamphlets. J. L. WILKINSON, General Manager.

LONDON AND SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT-RACE

ON SATURDAY, MARCH 25.

TRAINS from WATERLOO, VAUXHALL, and CLAPHAM JUNCTION to PUTNEY, BARNES, and MORTLAKE, at frequent intervals, as required, from 10.30 a.m., returning after the Race.

TRAINS leave LUDGATE HILL, at 8.29, 9.16, and 10.30 a.m., for HAMMERSMITH, arriving 9.11, 9.59, and 11.13 a.m. respectively. These Trains call at Borough Road, Elephant and Castle, Walworth Road, Camberwell New Road (not 8.29 a.m.), Loughboro' Junction, Brixton, and Clapham Road.

The Company's Station at Putney is very near the starting-point, and Mortlake Station is within a few hundred yards of the finish of the Race.

BARNES RAILWAY BRIDGE.

TICKETS TO VIEW THE RACE, price 10s. each (including the Railway fare from any London and South-Western Station within 12 miles to Barnes and back), can be obtained at the following offices—

30, Regent Street, Piccadilly Circus; 9, Grand Hotel Buildings, Charing Cross; Exeter Buildings, Arthur Street West, London Bridge; and the Booking Offices, Waterloo Station. Applications by post must be accompanied by remittance.

SPECIAL TRAINS for holders of these tickets only will leave Waterloo (Central Station), No. 3 platform, for Barnes Bridge direct, at 11.50 a.m. and 12 noon, returning to Vauxhall and Waterloo about ten minutes after the Race.

* These offices will remain open until 10 p.m., and the office marked † until 8 p.m. on Friday, March 24, for the sale of Barnes Bridge and other tickets.

CHAS. J. OWENS, General Manager.

LONDON AND SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

EASTER HOLIDAYS.

CHANNEL ISLANDS, HAVRE, ST. MALO, and CHERBOURG (via Southampton).

DAYLIGHT TRIP TO THE CHANNEL ISLANDS. CHEAP THIRD-CLASS RETURN TICKETS will be issued to GUERNSEY and JERSEY from Waterloo, &c., at 8.55 a.m. and 9.45 p.m. on MARCH 30.

SIMILAR TICKETS will be issued by the 8.30 p.m. train on MARCH 31 and 9.45 p.m. train on APRIL 1 and 2.

Also by any ordinary train to HAVRE on MARCH 30 and 31 and APRIL 1 and 2, CHERBOURG on MARCH 30 and APRIL 1, and to ST. MALO on MARCH 31 and APRIL 3.

RETURN FARE to either of the above places 24s. 6d.

CHEAP THIRD-CLASS RETURN TICKETS from LONDON to PLYMOUTH, WADEBRIDGE, BODMIN, PADSTOW, LAUNCESTON, HOLSWORTHY, RUDE, ILFRACOMBE, BARNSTABLE, BIDEFORD, EXETER, WEYMOUTH, DORCHESTER, BOURNEMOUTH, BATH, WELLS, RADSTOCK, SHEPTON MALLEY &c., will be issued by all trains on March 30 and subsequent days, up to and including April 3 (not to Somerset and Dorset Line Stations on March 31 or April 2), available to return up to and including April 6.

For full particulars of Additional Trains and Excursions on Thursday, March 30; Excursions to Portsmouth, Southampton, Salisbury, Bournemouth, the Isle of Wight, &c., on Good Friday; Four Days' trip to Southampton, Portsmouth, and the Isle of Wight on Saturday; Portsmouth on Easter Sunday, and to Seaton, Sidmouth, Budleigh Salterton, Exmouth, Southampton, Salisbury, Bournemouth, &c., also Races at Kempton Park, on Easter Monday, see bills and programmes, which can be obtained at any of the Company's Stations or London Receiving Houses, or from the Superintendent of the Line, Waterloo Station.

CHAS. J. OWENS, General Manager.

M I D L A N D R A I L W A Y.

EASTER HOLIDAYS.

EXCURSIONS FROM ST. PANCRAS AND CITY AND SUBURBAN STATIONS.

IRELAND.

TUESDAY, MARCH 28.—To LONDONDERY (via Morecambe), by direct Steamer, returning within 16 days, as per Sailing-bill.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 29.—To DUBLIN, CORK, KILLARNEY, BALLINA, GALWAY, SLIGO, &c. (via Morecambe and via Liverpool), returning within 16 days, as per Sailing-bill.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 29.—To BELFAST, LONDONDERY, PORTLUSH, GIANTS CAUSEWAY, ARMAGH, BUNDORAN, ENNISKILLEN, &c. (via Barrow and via Liverpool), returning any week-day within 16 days.

PROVINCIAL EXCURSIONS.

THURSDAY, MARCH 30.—CHEAP TRAINS will be run from London (St. Pancras and City and Suburban Stations) to Matlock, Buxton, MANCHESTER, LIVERPOOL, Bolton, BLACKBURN, Bury, BLACKPOOL, ROCHDALE, Oldham, Sheffield, Barnsley, Wakefield, Halifax, LEEDS, BRADFORD, YORK, HULL, SCARBOROUGH, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Lancaster, MORECAMBE, the LAKE DISTRICT, and CARLISLE; Leicester, BIRMINGHAM, NOTTINGHAM, Derby, Newark, Lincoln, Barton, Staffordshire Potteries, &c. Tickets will be available for returning on Monday, April 3, and Tuesday, April 4.

SATURDAY NIGHT, APRIL 1, from LONDON (St. Pancras) to SHEFFIELD, LEEDS, BRADFORD, MANCHESTER, LIVERPOOL, &c., for 2 days.

SCOTLAND (5, 9, or 16 days).

On THURSDAY, March 30, a CHEAP FIVE AND NINE DAYS' TRIP, from St. Pancras at 9.15 p.m., to Stirling, Perth, Dundee, Arbroath, Forfar, Brechin, Montrose, Aberdeen, Inverness, Nairn, Forres, Ballater, &c.; and from St. Pancras at 10.5 p.m. to EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, Greenock, Helensburgh, Ayr, Kilmarnock, &c.; THIRD CLASS RETURN TICKETS at a SINGLE ORDINARY FARE for the DOUBLE JOURNEY will also be issued, available for return ANY DAY WITHIN 16 DAYS from date of issue.

ST. ALBANS, &c.

EASTER MONDAY, April 3, to ST. ALBANS, HARPENDEN, and LUTON, leaving St. Pancras at 10.10, 11.20 a.m., and 1.5 p.m.

SOUTHEND-ON-SEA.

CHEAP WEEK-END and DAY EXCURSION TICKETS will be issued to SOUTHEND-ON-SEA during the Easter Holidays, as announced in Special Bills.

CHEAP WEEK-END TICKETS

will be issued on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, March 30, 31, and April 1, from London (St. Pancras) to the PRINCIPAL HOLIDAY AND PLEASURE RESORTS, including the Peak District of Derbyshire, Morecambe, Yorkshire, and the North-East Coast, available for return on any day up to and including Tuesday, April 4, except day of issue.

Tickets and Programmes may be had at the Midland Stations and City Booking Offices, and from Thos. Cook and Son, Ludgate Circus, and Branch Offices.

GEO. H. TURNER, General Manager.

JAPAN, CHINA, HONOLULU, and AROUND the WORLD.

The magnificent STEAMERS of the PACIFIC MAIL and OCCIDENTAL and ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANIES leave SAN FRANCISCO TRI-MONTHLY. Choice of any Atlantic Line to New York, thence by picturesque routes of the SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY. Stops allowed at points of interest.

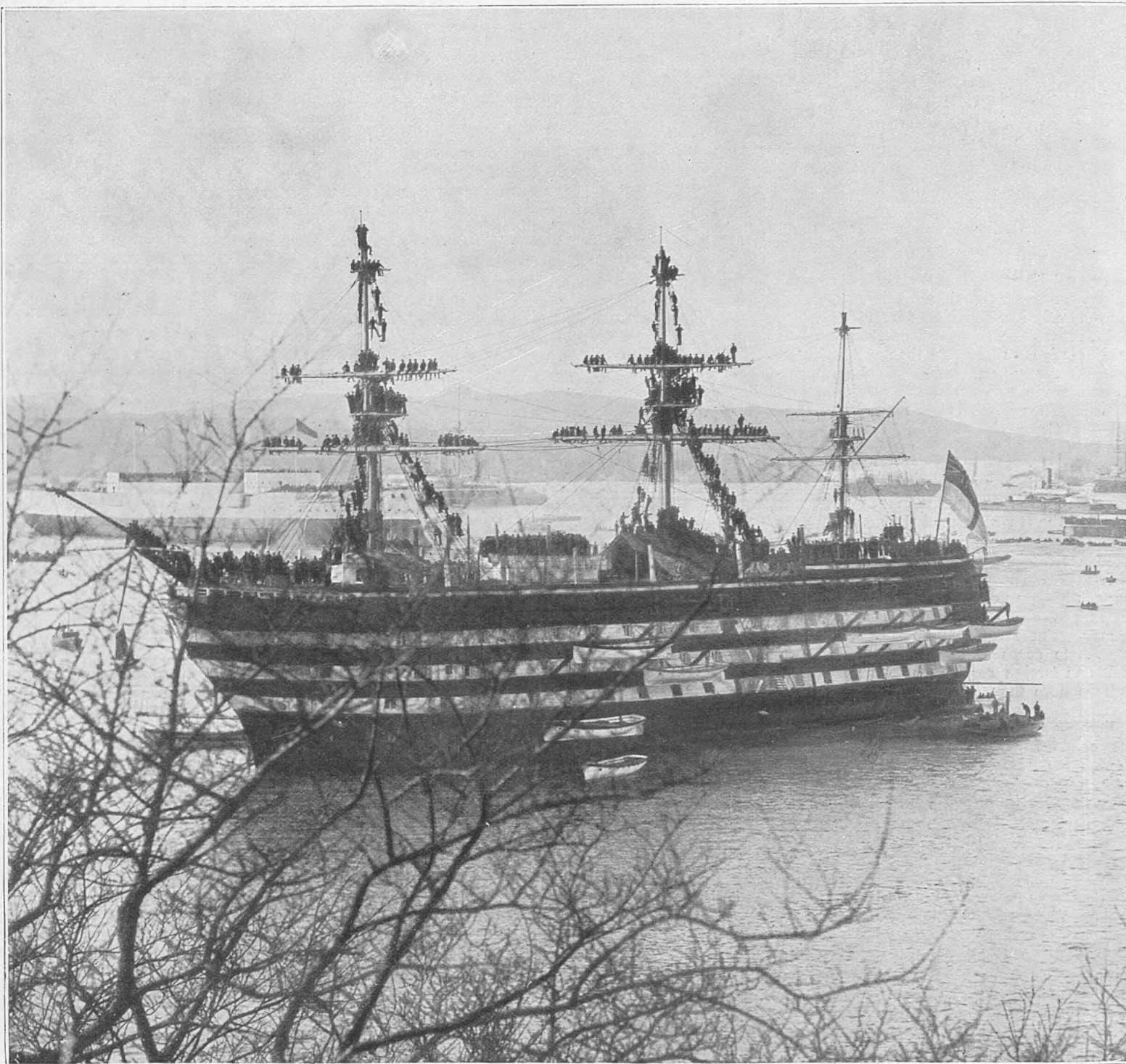
For pamphlets, time schedules and through tickets apply to Ismay, Imrie, and Co., 30, James Street, Liverpool; 84, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.; or to Rud. Falck, General European Agent, London.—City Offices, 49, Leadenhall Street, E.C.; West End, 18, Cockspur Street, S.W.; and 25, Water Street, Liverpool.

SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

Until the other day, the Queen, I believe, had never visited Boulogne since the summer of 1855, when she set the seal on the alliance of the Crimean campaign by her visit to Paris. Accompanied by the Prince Consort, the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Royal, the Queen embarked on her new yacht, the *Victoria and Albert* (now about to be superseded) in Osborne Bay, and in true Queen's weather proceeded on her voyage. The speed of the new yacht was on this her first trip of any importance a matter of much interest, and the way in which she

new Navy. The *Implacable* is a twin-screw battleship of the first class, armoured, and of 15,000 tons. One or two of her terrible shells would destroy her oaken predecessor, whose broadsides, if they struck at all, would make little impression on her. But the shells would be fired from a range that would make the poor old *Impregnable* sadly belie her name.

Lord Young, one of the Scottish Judges, attains this year his eightieth birthday, and is thus one of the oldest Judges in the kingdom



H.M.S. "IMPLACABLE," AFTER LAUNCHING, PASSING TO THE REAR OF H.M.S. "IMPREGNABLE," TRAINING-SHIP.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN PITTOCK, STONEHOUSE, PLYMOUTH.

outstripped the old royal yacht (rechristened the *Osborne*) and some others of the convoy was regarded with admiration. Great were the preparations made for her Majesty's reception at Boulogne on this occasion. Ten British men-of-war accompanied the Queen, and the Emperor of the French himself awaited her arrival.

Can you imagine any greater contrast than that between the old-time battleship and the new? My picture of H.M.S. *Implacable*, launched on March 11 at Devonport, helps one to realise this point at a single glance. The new warship, which has just left the slip on the right-hand of the picture, is passing behind the old *Impregnable*. Behind her wooden walls the old ship carried her three tiers of guns. Her burthen was 6557 tons. As the *Bulwark*, she took part in the bombardment of Algiers in 1816; now she is a training-ship, and fits new Tars for the

and the *doyen* of the Scottish Bench. Before his appointment as a Senator of Justice, Lord Young had a varied legal and political experience. Called to the Scotch Bar in 1840, and the Middle Temple in 1869, he was for a period Sheriff of Inverness-shire, and also of Haddington and Berwick; in the Liberal Administrations he was Solicitor-General, and was Lord Advocate from 1869 till 1874. For nine years—1865-74—Lord Young represented the Wigtown Burghs, and at this period was a potent individuality in the Liberal Party. In the latter year he was made a Judge, in which capacity he has from time to time demonstrated his unconventional characteristics and essentially humane method of dealing with some of the unfortunates who have confronted him from the dock. Lord Young has for over a generation resided in the lordly edifice in Moray Place secured for him by his political friends, and has long had Lord Trayner as his next-door neighbour.

Bristol has a sturdy veteran in Sergeant-Major R. Lindsay, who enlisted in the 53rd Shropshire Light Infantry in 1842, served in the Sutlej Campaign of 1845-6, in the Punjab Campaign 1849, in the North-West Frontier Campaign 1851-2, in the Indian Mutiny 1857-8, and received medals and clasps for each, and was highly commended and received medal for distinguished conduct in the field. He served for close on fifty years, and received two medals for long service and good conduct. Mr. Lindsay is a member of the Bristol Veterans' Association, and last May, when the Bristol men paraded before her Majesty at Windsor, he was the first of the veterans to be presented to the Queen.

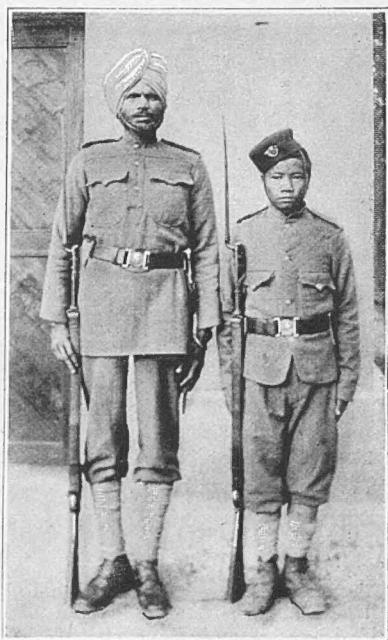


SERGEANT-MAJOR LINDSAY 'LISTED
FIFTY-SEVEN YEARS AGO.

G. Geary at Belfast. When the 1st Battalion Scots Guards goes out—which may be sooner than anticipated, as the Manchesters are said to be held in readiness for Egypt if necessary—the whole of the infantry at the "Rock" will be composed of Household troops, and it will become a Guards' station. It is said that a Brigade band is being formed, as well as an Artillery band; otherwise, the drums-and-fifes and pipes would be the only music to enliven the place, as the Household bands never go abroad. Though the Coldstream Guards were raised—or rather, formed—by Cromwell in 1650, from Fenwick's Regiment and the "Ironsides," taking their name from their headquarters in the Scottish War, this is the first time the battalion has gone abroad except in war-time. The last occasion on which it saw active service was in the Egyptian Campaign of 1882, though, later on, it sent a detachment to form part of the Guards Camel Corps in the Bayuda Desert.

The protests with regard to the drafting of the Scots Greys to the Royal Irish Dragoon Guards and other regiments have resulted in the placing of the Greys on the higher establishment, under the new system of keeping a certain number of cavalry regiments ready for any emergency. These regiments will be exempt from drafting, though the less fortunate corps will still have to send their best men to keep regiments on foreign service up to the necessary strength. The Scots Greys have more than one distinctive feature. Besides being our only Scottish cavalry corps, they are the only horse regiment wearing the Grenadier bearskin, which was conferred on the regiment for its gallant conduct at Ramillies. Then, with the "Royals," they have the "Eagle" as a badge to commemorate Waterloo, and the non-coms. of the Scottish regiment, unlike the "Royals" in this respect, wear the "Eagle" above their chevrons, the same badge being carried on the pouches of the officers and rank-and-file. Another peculiar distinction is the zigzag band worn round the forage-caps. The Greys value these regimental marks as much as the Highland regiments do their tartans or the Buffs their facings and Dragon badge.

From far-away Bhamo, in Upper Burma, I have received a packet of photographs, which show the diversified types of the natives who wear the Queen's uniform in the Burma Police, which is practically an armed force, since it is continually engaged in dispersing and capturing armed gangs of dacoits. These Burma "bobbies" have done excellent work, and many of them wear the Frontier Medal with clasps for their services. The force is composed chiefly of Burmans, but in border districts you will find Kachins, Karens, Shans, Shan-Burmans, and a small sprinkling of Chinese-Shans, while, in large towns, natives of India are enlisted for the purpose of road patrols, for throughout the Province of Burma there are



BURMESE BOBBIES.

some 12,108 rank-and-file, 154 inspectors, and 94 gazetted officers, the whole being under the command of the Inspector-General, Colonel Peile, and Deputy Inspector-General, Mr. Dixon. The area over which these men have to keep control is 165,408 square miles. The picture I reproduce represents a Sikh and a Kachin together—"Brothers in Arms," or "The long and the short of it."

A Member of the Institute of Civil Engineers writes from Bhamo—

Looking over some back numbers, I have just come across your picture of Murbul Pass in your issue of June 8, 1898, and noticed that Mr. A. M. Law claims that the ladies depicted were the first to cross this pass. In the autumn of 1886 I completed my investigations of the other passes, and went out of Kashmir *via* the Murbul Pass, being accompanied by my wife, European nurse, and two children of three and five years. In those days the valley itself could only be reached after ten solid marches, but, with the completion of the Tonga road, which reduced the journey to (I believe) a three days' drive, and the constant increase in the number of visitors, it would be curious if no ladies had ever gone towards Kishtwar. Of course, the photo is not dated, and Mr. Law may be correct in his claim; but, after all, there is nothing difficult in crossing, the only trouble being to find out when the pass is open.

The ceremony of christening the new Japanese battleship *Asahi*, launched last week from the Clydebank Shipbuilding Company, Glasgow, by Madame Kato, the wife of the Japanese Minister in London, will be one of the last official performances of this clever lady in this country. The *Asahi* is one hundred tons greater than any existing battleship. Early next month the Japanese Minister, M. Kato, and his wife return to Japan, where it is intended that the eminent services of M. Kato shall be more directly identified with the government of his country than has been the case for the last five years. M. Kato has been Minister-Plenipotentiary and Envoy-Extraordinary to the Cabinet of St. James's for five years, and his term of office has seen Japan rise to the position of a first-class Power. M. Kato is thirty-four years of age, and was educated at the Imperial University of Tokio. His English is admirable.

As an example of the extraordinary pitch which Kiplingism has reached, I reproduce the title-page of a book which contains "Illustrations, Anecdotes, Bibliographical and Biographical Facts anent this Foremost Writer of Fiction." It is a small octavo of sixteen pages, issued at fifteen cents per copy, or a dollar and a-half a-year!—for it is a regular journal.

Mr. John Black, a resident of Kinross, has just been celebrating his double jubilee—fifty years of wedded life, and the completion of half-a-century as an engine-driver. The event was made the occasion of an interesting family gathering, including five children and eighteen grandchildren, who assembled at Kinross in honour of the aged couple, the other day. For the record period of fifty years Mr. Black has been driver of a passenger-train, and continues, hale and hearty as he is, in active service. Though this railway veteran can recount many interesting episodes in his experience, throughout this long period, no accident has ever befallen his train. Mr. Black drove the train which opened the first Tay Bridge, and over the same structure he conducted President Grant when he visited this country. He has also driven trains, at various times during his career, by which members of the Royal Family, Mr. Gladstone, and other notabilities have travelled.

Mr. Arthur Guthrie, of the *Ardrossan Herald*, is a North Country editor who runs Mr. Alexander Ramsay, the father of Scottish newspapers, very close in the matter of the length of time he has occupied the editorial chair. Mr. Guthrie has passed his journalistic jubilee by a few years, and for the long term of forty-six years he has conducted the *Herald*, which has the distinction of being the first paper issued anywhere in Scotland at a penny. The *Herald* has always maintained a certain literary complexion, and it is worth recalling that its first number contained a critical and biographical essay on Alexander Smith the poet. The *Ardrossan Herald* was one of the first journals to introduce "descriptive reporting," and, as long ago as the Madeline Smith trial, its pages contained an account of that *cause célèbre* from the pen of the late Howie Wylie, whom Mr. Guthrie regards as the first journalist to popularise "paraphrasing."

E. Livingston Prescott, copies of whose new military story, "Helot and Hero," are being distributed by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, is a lady, and not Mr. Prescott, as a good many of the reviewers call her. Miss "Livingston Prescott" is the daughter of the late Spicer Jay, who was a well-known barrister.

AKIPLING NOTE BOOK

NUMBER 1
M. F. MANSFIELD & A. WESSELS
PUBLISHERS NEW YORK

A JOURNAL WHICH WILL RUN
MR. KIPLING.

The Annual Banquet of the Headquarter Staff and Stationmasters of the South-Western Railway, at the Freemasons' Tavern, was a great success. Mr. Charles Owens, the General Manager, presided. Mr. Hilditch, the Stationmaster at Waterloo, seems to have made the speech of the evening. He defined an after-dinner speech as an address by a man who didn't want to speak to a number of people who didn't want to listen. He said that he had been in a good many battles at Waterloo, and, if he had not used the words attributed to the Duke of Wellington, he had, perhaps, used language more forcible.

The death of William Wilde, a brother of Oscar Wilde and a son of "Speranza" (Lady Wilde), reminds me that here also was a man of brilliant talent who was his own worst enemy. William Wilde was a son of Sir William Wilde, a famous oculist, of Merrion Square, Dublin. His mother, Lady Wilde, born Miss Elger, wrote admirable patriotic verse under the pen-name of "Speranza." Mr. Wilde was a Gold Medallist of Trinity College, Dublin, and was a member of the English and Irish Bar.

A correspondent who belongs to the 10th Hussars tells me that the dog referred to in last week's *Sketch* is a native of Bhotan, and if entered for competition in a show, would be entered as a Bhotanese terrier.

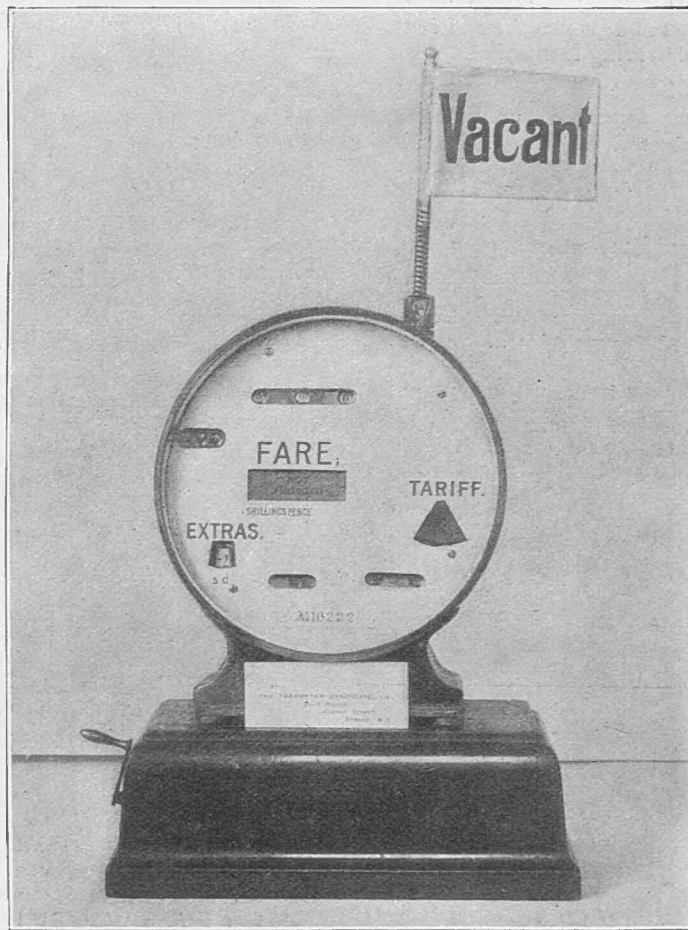
One morning last week I was astonished to find a newly painted blackboard placed in the drinking-trough in front of St. Mary-le-Strand, bearing the legend, "Temporarily closed owing to refusal of Vestry to supply water or assist in maintenance." On inquiry, I found that the Metropolitan Drinking-Fountain and Cattle-Trough Association had taken the bull by the horns, as the result of a correspondence extending over six months and more, and caused a vehement appreciation of the words of the old song, "You never miss the water till the well runs dry." The Association believes that for many years it has been doing the work of the local authorities, and, in the assurance of this belief, it has applied to the Boards of Works and Vestries in the various districts of the Metropolis for assistance. Out of the forty-odd districts into which our overcrowded London is divided, the authorities of the Strand have been the only ones to be conspicuous by a persistent refusal to do anything towards the maintenance of the fountains or troughs.

The Committee of the Association, after a good deal of discussion, decided that, as the Strand Board of Works would not accept any of the three alternatives offered to it—to give the Association a grant; to pay for the water consumed, which last year cost £32 for the troughs alone, at sixpence per thousand gallons; or to take over the entire maintenance of the troughs—these troughs should be closed, a course in which even the donors concurred. The affair has not been without its touch of humour, for the inspector was ordered to prepare the boards, one of which was intended to be placed in the trough opposite the Law Courts, and the other in that in front of St. Mary-le-Strand, as was done. Unhappily, or through some mistake, he had them put up a day or two sooner than was intended. The boards themselves contain a curious error, for the Vestry did not refuse to supply the water or to assist the Association. The Strand Board of Works alone has the power to do it, and it was that body which refused, although the Vestry is a part of the Board. The notice remained in its place for, perhaps, a couple of hours, and, perhaps, two or three more elapsed before the water was turned on again. Happily, however, as Shakspeare and the proverb have it, "All's well that ends well." The board was removed, the Association relented, the water flows, the horses drink, and the cabmen no longer rage nor the carmen swear.



A WATER-TROUGH THAT RAN DRY—AND WHY.

At length something is to be done to moderate the tyranny of the preposterous cabby. For years he has got on the nerves of many of us; for his legal fare he frequently assaulted us with language more than offensive, making us well-nigh ridiculous in the eyes of our club porter, or looked upon as a demon of meanness by our non-cab-riding neighbours. You give him sixpence more than his legal fare, and you rarely get a



THE TAXAMETER WHICH WILL CHECK THE CABBY.

"Thank you" in exchange. The cabman has been quite the most insolent and intolerable feature in modern London life. Now we have some dim hope of keeping him in check. The Taximeter Company are fitting out cabs each of which is provided with a little instrument which is to record every phase of travelling expenditure. Nothing so ingenious as the taximeter has been seen in that way since the invention of the American hotel-dial. You get into a cab, without luggage, and a record will be made that you are to pay one shilling. You ride for over two miles, and the record will inform you that you are indebted to the extent of eighteenpence, and so on mile by mile. If you carry a bag or a box outside the cab, another record will inform you of your indebtedness to the cabman for the sum of twopence. If you wait for a quarter of an hour or so outside a shop or store, the cost of this, also, will be duly notified. Of course, one expects the opposition of the Cab Drivers' Union and of the Cab Owners' Union to a scheme of this kind, but their very opposition gives vivid demonstration to the public that it is in their interest that these things should be. The Taximeter Company proposes to put on the streets at least one hundred cabs within the next two or three weeks. Their drivers will be indicated by the fact that they wear a white hat, and this will, of course, bring into vogue jocularities at the expense of white hats. Nevertheless, as the said drivers are to receive sure wages of two guineas a-week, and all the casual tips that may be given over and above their fare, they will, no doubt, soon get reconciled to their headgear. I hope that the scheme will receive every encouragement. A man would be very foolish indeed to get into a cab that did not contain a taximeter when they are once in use.

The rooks are beginning to turn their attention to domestic affairs; the fact has been brought home to me by an almost passionate letter from a lady whose grounds in Surrey find favour in the rook's sight. She hates the birds; they wake her at unholy hours of the morning, and their cawing makes her head ache. Last year she made the gardener shoot as many of the young rooks as he could, and she hoped the old ones would "take warning." They haven't; rooks take suitable trees on long lease, and ignore the most drastic measures to evict them.

Are you interested in the sacred cause of charity? Are you interested in the theatrical performance of gifted and titled amateurs? Do you like Wynn Miller's pretty play, "Dream Faces," and Sydney Grundy's sparkling "Fool's Paradise"? If you answer one or more of these questions in the affirmative, haste, while there is yet time, to the Haymarket Theatre and secure seats for to-morrow afternoon's matinée, to be given by the Hon. Mrs. George Hill-Trevor on behalf of the Widows and Orphans' Fund of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade. This is a most deserving institution. I give the cast of both plays—

DREAM FACES.

By WYNN MILLER.

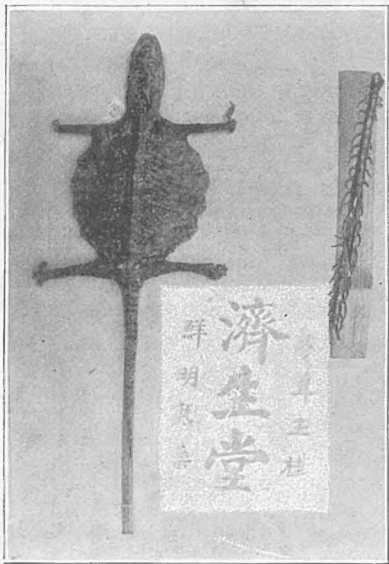
Robert	MAJOR NORTON, R.E.
Philip	CAPTAIN CROOKSHANK, R.E.
Lucy	HON. MRS. G. HILL-TREVOR.
Margaret	MISS EDITH DUGDALE.
Butler	CAPTAIN B. BADEN-POWELL, Scots Guards.

A FOOL'S PARADISE.

By SYDNEY GRUNDY.

Lord Normantower	MR. DERMOT BLUNDELL, 60th Rifles.
Sir Peter Lund, Bart., M.D., F.R.S.	MR. QUINTIN TWISS.
Philip Selwyn	MR. G. L. SMITH WRIGHT.
Hon. Tom Verinder	HON. R. LYGON, Grenadier Guards.
Price	EARL OF NORBURY.
Kate Derwent	MISS NORAH VANDELEUR.
Mildred Selwyn	MISS DIANE CREYKE; and
Beatrice Selwyn	MISS SPENCER BRUNTON.

Did you ever consult a Chinese doctor? In any Chinese street you will see the doctor, with his staff of assistants, in a large open store. Surrounding him are hundreds of drawers, containing heaps and heaps of things that do not appear in the British Pharmacopœia. Here are



TWO OF THE INGREDIENTS OF A CHINESE PRESCRIPTION.

two of the ingredients in a prescription recently given in such a shop, a copy of the signboard of which is also shown. On the right is a dried centipede, and the other thing is a large lizard dried on a frame of bamboo. These were to be boiled, with other almost as interesting ingredients, and the result was to be "well shaken before taken." I was especially warned to follow the directions closely.

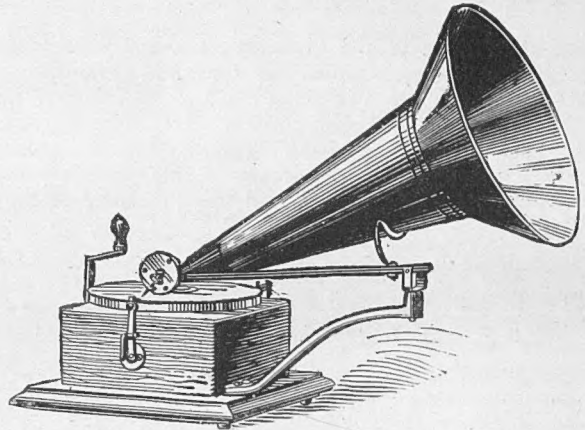
M. Henri Lavedan, of the French Academy, has written a play called "Le Vieux Marcheur," that has been the theatrical success of the past week in Paris, and that is worth attention because of its singularity of character. Across a canvas of demi-monde life, where one would expect to find courtesans and men-about-town, M. Lavedan passes Senators, Government Ministers, priests,

feminine school-teachers, boys, and little girls that believe themselves inspired by angels—all that could give a shock of surprise in such a midst. And the Senator is a chartered libertine, and the Minister of Public Instruction is the hero of a rakish night adventure, and the school-teacher—they are all virtuous and vicious, officially respectable and privately dissolute at the same time. And having passed through a courtesan's dressing-room, where their pseudo-respectability makes a violent contrast with the situations in which they find themselves, they are transferred to a virtuous midst where their vices are thrown into relief.

But, though there is nothing insipid in this mixture, it is simple milk-and-water beside the conversation. Perhaps a public audience never before heard such language in a theatre. It is Nana's world put on the scene; but, where Zola's book was a simple, honest effort to analyse the nature of this social class, we have here an elaboration of the conversation of this class into an art. It seems to be agreed that never before in our time has the language of brothels been served up on the point of so delicate a wit; certainly never before was such talk served up by an Academician and put into the mouth of Senators and Ministers of Public Instruction. M. Lavedan has accomplished that difficult thing—offered a brand-new condiment to the jaded appetite of the boulevard. All the same, it makes one dream a little, for is it not understood that Zola is excluded from the Academy because he wrote "Nana" and "La Terre"? *Alors?*

The other afternoon I spent a pleasant hour at the offices of the Gramophone Company in Maiden Lane, where the managers most kindly showed me the wonders of the instrument that sings, talks, and plays. The action of the Gramophone is simplicity itself, and the records cannot wear out, so that anyone who acquires one of these interesting companions can have the pleasure of hearing the great singer, actor, or instrumentalist to heart's content; and better, can command any number of encores.

The company has acquired excellent records from Mr. Chevalier, Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Maude, Miss Mary Moore, and hundreds of others. I heard a capital violin-solo, which the Gramophone alone claims to have reproduced successfully, the bagpipes, solo and concerted singing. Afterwards, a record was taken in the recording-room upstairs, where



THE GRAMOPHONE.

three young ladies entrusted to the faithful instrument their rendering of "Three Little Maids from School." The "Gramophone" speaks for itself.

Although the house of Churchman has been established at Ipswich since 1790, it was not till last week that I tried their "Tortoiseshell" smoking mixture. And I shall try it again, for it makes a capital smoke, light and soothing. It is peculiarly free from the disagreeable oils that seem to be the chief ingredient of many "baccies," is not acidic (like others), and is not too hot.

To-morrow is the hundred and thirtieth anniversary of the birth of William Smith, the "father of geology." Just seventy years later, he was laid to rest in St. Peter's Church, Northampton, where his grave is marked by a plain sarcophagus bearing the title "William Smith, LL.D." When but a village schoolboy, William Smith collected fossils instead of playing marbles, and by long, solitary rambles prepared himself for those journeyings hither and thither by which his after-life as a surveyor was marked. When he had attained considerable monopoly in his profession, he often travelled ten thousand miles in a year, and that, be it remembered, in pre-railway days. His boyish delight in fossils made him both a poor man and a famous one. For increase of appetite grew by what it fed on, led to the evolution of his theory that strata were best judged by their contents, and ended in that Geological Map of England (published in 1815) which emptied his pockets while it established his reputation. Naturally, William Smith was an authority on stone, and so he was employed by Government in 1838 on a small Commission to which was entrusted the momentous task of selecting the material of which the new Houses of Parliament were to be built. And he could judge human nature, too. When consulted by a landowner about getting supplies of water on his estate, he found that a second authority, in the shape of a miner who believed in the divining-rod, had also been called in. So William Smith filled his pockets with small stones of a kind not common on the estate, and started off with the landowner and the miner. Here and there the miner set up his rod, and, whenever it was declared to point down to the earth, Smith quietly dropped a few stones. The journey ended, the geologist asked the



THIS STONE COVERS THE "FATHER OF BRITISH GEOLOGY."

Photo by H. C. Shelley.

miner if he could find on the return home the exact spots his rod had indicated on the way out. Certainly he could; but certainly he didn't. Whereupon Smith drily remarked that, as the water had so soon changed its situation, it was hardly worth while to spend money in seeking it.

All supporters of opera performed in English—a branch of music just now being plentifully supplied in London—will hope that the results of the benefit matinée given on Thursday at the Shakspeare Theatre, Liverpool, by the Carl Rosa Company, in aid of their once-popular soprano, Madame Georgina Burns, may complete the recovery of that old favourite from her long illness. I remember well the brilliant vocalisation and careful acting of Miss Burns (as she then was) in such rôles as Marguerite, Arline, Maritana, and Filisia in “Mignon,” with the Carl Rosa Company some twelve or fifteen years ago. Madame Burns and her husband, Mr. Leslie Crotty, were four years among the principal artists of the Carl Rosa Company. Some time ago they had a tour with a version of Rossini’s “La Cenerentola.” Madame Burns made her most recent public appearance at the once celebrated Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool, Nov. 25, 1895, when she sang the Jewel Song from “Faust.” One of her sisters is Miss Cora Stuart, widow of the younger T. W. Robertson, and another, who married Mr. Dark, formerly of Lord’s Cricket Ground, is mother of a clever young public performer, Mr. Sidney Dark.

A sad story comes to me from Scarborough, where, in penury and sickness, supported only by charity, Djalmar, a once celebrated acrobat, is spending his last days. Djalmar, a Swede—and of good family, I am told—ran away from home, so they say, after witnessing a performance by a troupe of acrobats. During his public career, he appeared, I think, before many of the Crowned Heads of Europe, and now he is awaiting the end, dying of consumption, and suffering further from atrophy of the muscles of the back, induced by his professional exploits. Pitiably also is the plight of his wife, formerly a circus-rider, who fell and injured herself, and who is a relative, I fancy, of George Augustus Sala’s first wife. Djalmar and his poor companion are aided to live not only by an allowance from the parish fund, but also by subscriptions from various well-known ladies of Scarborough and the neighbourhood.

The Municipal Buildings of Glasgow were very bright on the evening of March 10, when Lord-Provost Sir David Richmond and Lady Richmond gave a fancy-dress ball to about five hundred little guests. The dresses, which were beautiful, included a surprising number of costumes taken from “Alice in Wonderland,” two of the funniest being Tweedledum and Tweedledee, taken by the sons of the City Registrar. There were two Mad Hatters, and, as one had brought the fragile paraphernalia for his “never-ending tea,” he, poor man, had to refrain from dancing on



MISS ELLEN AND MASTER JAMES JOHNSTON AS THE LITTLE MINISTER AND BABBIE AT THE LORD-PROVOST OF GLASGOW’S FANCY-DRESS BALL.

Photo by Ralston, Glasgow.

that account. He was, therefore, a sad as well as a mad hatter. But the general enjoyment was supreme. Messrs. Rowton and Co. furnished the majority of the character-costumes. At eleven, adieux were said, although before that the Sandman had come to many little eyelids, wearied out with pleasure.

At the present moment, when the life history of the Brownings is under special consideration, standing as it does more fully revealed than it has ever been, Marylebone Church, where the two poets were married, must have a fresh interest for many readers. In a recent illustration St. Pancras Church was given as the scene of the wedding. As that



MARYLEBONE CHURCH, WHERE THE BROWNINGs WERE MARRIED.

Photo by Bolas, Oxford Street, W.

church is one of the best-known landmarks of London, I make no apology for publishing a picture of it, except in so far as it was connected with the Brownings. The present Marylebone Church in the Marylebone Road dates from the middle of the eighteenth century. In a former edifice Sir Francis Bacon was married to Alice Barnham on May 10, 1606, and there Hogarth laid the scene of the Rake’s marriage. The old church was taken down in 1741. The parish register contains the record of Byron’s baptism (March 1, 1788), and that of Horatia Nelson Thompson, Nelson’s child by Lady Hamilton.

Mr. Frank H. Vizetelly writes to complain of what he calls an “attack” on his father, the late Henry Vizetelly, published in *The Sketch* of Feb. 8. I cannot for a moment admit that Dr. Jabez Hogg’s reminiscences of the late Mr. Herbert Ingram were in any sense an attack on the late Mr. Vizetelly. In the main, there can scarcely be any doubt that Dr. Hogg did correct one or two slips of memory of Mr. Vizetelly’s in connection with the founding of the *Illustrated London News*. It is equally obvious, however, that Dr. Hogg was inaccurate in his statement that Mr. Vizetelly did not know Mr. Herbert Ingram until after the *News* was founded. There is plenty of evidence to endorse Mr. Vizetelly’s statement that he was consulted, although his memory obviously misled him when he stated that Mr. Herbert Ingram’s first intention was to make the *News* a record of crime. I, however, offer my sincere apologies to Mr. Frank Vizetelly if any line in this journal has hurt his filial feelings, although, at the same time, I must remind him that there was more than one sentence in Mr. Henry Vizetelly’s “Reminiscences” that was calculated to hurt the feelings of people still living. That, however, does not justify reciprocal action. The note of *The Sketch* is urbanity, and always urbanity.

The postponed Battle of Flowers at Nice came off on Sunday week, the most elaborate carriage in the procession being that reinforced by guests from the *White Lady*. One of the yacht’s boats, covered with violets, was set on wheels with great effect, and at both sides the Arms of Nice done in flowers was a triumph of the florist’s art. Six horses, with outriders in smart uniforms, drew the boat, and the yachting-party within, all very nautical and smart in white, carried on the war of flowers with great vivacity wherever they went. Madame Juniori’s carriage took the palm for novelty, without a shadow of doubt. A victoria with a thatched roof which was supported by floral columns was decidedly boldly original, and drew many admiring acclamations. Prince and Princess d’Essling were on a smartly decorated brake, and a party of pretty girls dressed in blue filled another, which was covered in flowers of the same colour. But many had been frightened off their projected gaieties by the unpromising weather, and this year’s Mi-Carême will by no means break the record of some of its predecessors.

“Hoya Corney” is the correct name of the novel by Mrs. Bertram Tanqueray to which I referred last week.

I picture on this page a Malabar "white" Tujar girl. There are a large number of these interesting people about Cannanore, of mixed descent, and varying in colour from almost absolute white to a rich brown. The girls are famous all over India for their beauty (comparative) and amiability. This one is of medium tint.

It was at the spot shown in this photograph that the fugitives from Cawnpore came ashore and took refuge in a temple, where most of them were massacred. The affair is thus related by Major de la Fosse, one of the survivors of the Cawnpore massacre—

On the third day the boat was no longer serviceable, we were aground on a sand-bank, and, there being nothing left but to charge and drive the assailants back, fourteen of us prepared to do so. They retired before us, but we followed them too far and were cut off from the river and compelled to retire ourselves. On the bank just by the force in front was a temple; we fired a volley and made for it, and took shelter within, after losing one man killed and one wounded. From the door of the temple we fired on every insurgent who showed himself. Finding that they could do nothing against us while we remained inside, they heaped wood all round and set it on fire. When we could no longer remain inside, on account of the smoke and heat, we threw off the clothes we had, and, each taking a musket, charged through the fire. Seven of us out of twelve got into the water, but before we had gone far two poor fellows were shot. There were only five left now, and we had to swim, while the insurgents followed us along the banks, wading and firing as fast as they could. After we had gone three miles down the stream, one of our party, an Artilleryman, to rest himself, began swimming on his back, and, not knowing in what direction he was swimming, got on shore and was killed. When we had gone down five miles, firing on both sides ceased, and, soon after, we gave ourselves up to a friendly Raja, who treated us very kindly, giving us clothes and food.

The temple itself was blown up by a punitive party after the pacification of the country, and the instigator of the murder of ten out of a party of fourteen fugitives was hanged on the tree overshadowing the temple.



A SPOT AT CAWNPORE, ONCE MARKED BY A TEMPLE, WHERE OUR COUNTRYMEN WERE MASSACRED.

The remains of the temple are still to be seen and recognised, and the tree still stands, but the branch on which the murderer was hanged was blown down two years ago by a storm.

Her Majesty's ship *Talbot*, which proceeded from Bermuda to New York to receive the remains of Lord Herschell and convey them to England, is a twin-screw cruiser of the second class. Her burthen is 5600 tons. She is attached to the North American and West Indies Squadron, and was commissioned at Devonport on Sept. 15, 1896. The *Talbot* represents an older *Talbot* which took part in the Battle of Navarino in 1827. The vessel came into Portsmouth, and the late Chancellor's remains were interred at Clyffe, near Dorchester, the home of Lady Herschell. It was arranged to bring the body to Westminster Abbey for a memorial service the day preceding interment.

Bluejackets are not a little proud of the fact that two of themselves—a gunner and a carpenter—were included in the great array of naval and military officers who were presented to the Duke of York at the Queen's Levée. Mr. William H. Rowe, gunner, has just returned from China in H.M.S. *Edgar*, and Mr. A. W. Waymouth, carpenter, has just been promoted. Both these warrant officers had the distinction of being presented by the First Lord of the Admiralty. There is a well-supported movement just now for pressing the Admiralty to grant commissions as lieutenants to some of the most deserving warrant officers of the Fleet; but, of course, there is a strong prejudice against such a step, not among commissioned officers afloat, but at the Admiralty. The Sea Lords are, as a rule, great sticklers for precedent, and, though the reform is sure to come in time, that time is not yet.

At last the Admiralty authorities have turned over a new leaf, and the battleships and cruisers now being built have been given thoroughly appropriate names. The four first-class battleships of 15,000 tons, two of which are to be built at Blackwall, are to bear the names of famous Admirals, *Duncan*, *Cornwallis*, *Exmouth*, and *Russell*. They are four very appropriate names, which now take their place in the Navy List beside the older battleships of the famous and much criticised "Admiral"

class, the *Benbow*, *Anson*, *Camperdown*, *Rodney*, *Howe*, and *Collingwood*. The authorities have also been very happy in their choice of names for the new "mighty cruisers," to quote Mr. Goschen. One will be named H.M.S. *Africa*, to commemorate Cape Colony's yearly grant of £30,000



SHE IS ALMOST WHITE—YET NOT QUITE.

towards the Navy; another *Drake*, in memory of the great Armada Admiral; the third, *Leviathan*, a warship name of ancient fame in battle; and the fourth will be H.M.S. *King Alfred*. This last name is singularly appropriate. Next year, when this vessel will be ready to launch, we shall be celebrating the millenary of the great Saxon King, to whom, as Dr. Conan Doyle said at last week's Mansion House meeting, "all this land and all this Empire is one stupendous memorial."

If it weren't for the sea, I should be a great traveller. But I dread sea-sickness, and, dreading it, I get it. Hence, I am always on the look-out for cures. The most recent is called "Néréide." It has been invented by a French scientist, and is sold by Messrs. Fanyau, of Great Russell Street. It has a pleasant taste, and possesses wonderful tonic, digestive, and anti-spasmodic qualities.

When I gave the portrait of Fred French the other day, I expressed my surprise that the author of "Pretty Polly Perkins of Paddington Green" had been alive so recently. Mr. W. H. Morrish, Bristol, writes—

You are quite correct in being surprised, for the author of "Pretty Polly Perkins" was [not Fred French, but] Harry Clifton, who also wrote "Paddle Your Own Canoe," and many other popular ditties. He died about twenty years ago. I engaged Harry Clifton and his Concert Party in 1867, and took them to all the principal towns in England. He was then at the zenith of his great popularity, and frequently sang "Polly Perkins," and it was his boast and trade-mark that every word in his "business," whether sung or spoken, was his own composition. If further proof is needed, I may say that "Polly Perkins" was published (words and music) by Messrs. Hopwood and Crew, of 50, New Bond Street, with a humorous picture of the lovelorn milkman on the frontispiece, and with Harry Clifton's name as author of the song appended, and I had the picture drawn on a large scale, and used as one of our wall-posters. Fred French was a clever comic artist, and frequently sang the song; but he was not the author of it.

I welcome "Bailey's Index to the Times," which Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode have just started. This index is much more elaborate than Mr. Palmer's. To give you some idea of its scope, I may say that the first



H.M.S. "TALBOT," WHICH BROUGHT HOME LORD HERSCHELL'S BODY.
Photo by Abrahams, Plymouth.

part deals with January of this year alone, and yet occupies eighty-two pages with double columns. "Bailey" (which costs three shillings a part) will become as indispensable as "Burke."

Mr. William J. Sevier, the Prophet, of Eastleigh, Hants, writes to remind me that his predictions, published in *The Sketch* on March 16, 1898, expire to-day. That, I take it, means that the time covered by his prognostications expires. It is interesting, therefore, to hark back a little, and recall some of Mr. Sevier's fateful utterances. He has some hits, also some misses. For instance, among hits, I find that he foretold the loss of many ocean liners and steamers, and friendship between England and Germany. In the light of the Kaiser's Kipling message, the latter article may, perhaps, be taken as assured. "War," said Mr. Sevier a year ago, "is the programme for the last half of the year." This may frankly be taken as a slight error on the part of our Teiresias. I did not note a year ago that he prophesied the Spanish-American War, but Mr. Sevier reminds me that he did so, which is matter of congratulation. Mr. Sevier's vaticinations for the present year are written large in Curtiss and Sons' "Illustrated Almanack" (Portsmouth) for 1899. He foresees terrible explosions. The Toulon disaster is certainly a good opening. He predicts the speedy accession of George V. That involves two misfortunes, and I am fain to cry "Absit omen." The Czar's mission and Mr. Stead's, he declares, is fruitless. Let me again bid Mr. Sevier, as the Greeks said, "hush his lips to holy silence."

Old age, as we all know, has gone out of fashion, and the hoydenish matron of fifty and the strong-minded tailor-made woman-bachelor of eight-and-thirty are equally resentful of advancing winters, and equally, though from widely different motives, would willingly check the resistless advance of Old Mortality. Up to now our ineffectual attempts at rejuvenescence have been limited to peroxide and powder, a hare's-foot and rouge-pot, as well as a few other transparent subtleties. But at

last, Science, in bold capitals, has thrown itself into the breach, and, according to Mr. Althaus, who recently aired his views in the *Lancet* so learnedly, there ought not to be a wrinkled, elderly, or faded man or woman to be seen in another half-dozen years, provided only that mankind will take its old age in hand and set resolutely about its scientific rejuvenation. Electricity is, of course, the medium by which we are to regain lost youth, or, at least, preserve that of which is left to us.

No witch-brew or alchemist's elixir is necessary, galvanisation of the nervous centres at frequent intervals being the sole prescription, and, behold! our senile



THE PROPHET SEVIER.
Photo by Webb, Eastleigh.

decline will fall from us like a mantle, and we shall become like unto March hares, or April lamblots, or flowers in May—fresh, rosy, and full of gambols once again. From four to six weeks' galvanic treatment, and hey, presto! for another lease of full and pulsing existence. Even grey hairs revert, we are told, to some extent to their first brown or golden attractiveness, while decrepitude gives place to activity, and from five to ten years' difference in one's appearance can be registered, and must even be admitted by one's dearest female enemy, after such a course of daily electrical applications. So, really, if crow's-feet and bald pates and stooping shoulders do not, after this electrical millennium, disappear from the earth, it will be quite the fault and affair of their owners and against the express possibilities of our modern Slave of the Lamp, who, according to Mr. Althaus, is only waiting for orders to transport us, not to Bagdad, but to our lost youth and beauty.

Madame Floret, who has just been awarded the "palms" of an "Officier de l'Académie," is a true Parisian, having been born in Paris, within sight of the Opéra-Comique. As they say in France, she is an *enfant de la balle, born dans le chiffon et les costumes*. Her mother was Chef Costumière to the Opéra-Comique Theatre (Paris), and retired pensioned by the Government. Madame Floret's mother was determined that her daughter should follow in her footsteps, and she showed such aptitude that in a very short time she entered the Opéra-Comique as assistant to her mother, and remained there for eight years. In 1880 Madame Floret was nominated Chef Costumière to the National Opera by the Minister of Fine Arts direct, and the mere fact of her nomination to this post stamps her as a thorough artist. She remained at the Grand Opera for over twelve years, during which time she made the costumes for all the productions of operas, ballets, &c., which took place at the national theatre. She has since been at the head of Mr. Alias' establishment for these last two years, and likes England and the English people

so much that she is determined to stay. Madame Floret has already shown what she is capable of doing, for during the last two years she has had to make all kinds of dresses, classical, historical, fanciful, and ballet. The two pieces of work which gave her the most opportunities to show her talent were the Duchess of Devonshire's historical ball, for which she had to make the lion's share of the costumes for royalty and the nobility, while, on the other hand, the beautiful Orchid costumes at Drury Lane last year gave testimony to the range of her skill. The latest costumes she has made have been those for the ballet of "The Red Shoes," at the Alhambra.

"The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street," it has been declared, is the one notable example of her sex whose fashions remain unchangeable, and this assertion has been not infrequently made rather in the form of a reproach. It has been said, indeed, that the system of paying the dividends on Government securities which for many years has been in vogue, and by which dividends were allowed to accrue unless claimed, was actually dishonest, and that the nation, by this system, was defrauded of vast sums of money. Doubtless, unclaimed stock and unclaimed dividends have accumulated hugely; but the Bank makes no profit from such accumulations. These go to help pay off the National Debt, or for some other truly national expenditure, such, for instance, as the building of the Law Courts, the cost of which, if I remember rightly, was defrayed out of unclaimed stock and dividends.

Doubtless the Bank has not shown itself too willing to assist would-be claimants to identify amounts of capital or dividends, but in this connection it should be remembered that to make the establishment of such claims easy would be to invite a system of fraud. However, as far as dividends are concerned, the accumulations in future are likely to be much smaller, as the Bank is now sending all dividends, without writing to be asked, by post to the stockholders. It would therefore be decidedly advisable for holders of Government Stock to acquaint the Bank with their present addresses, or it is more than probable that dividends will go astray, which will be just as bad, or perhaps worse, than if they remained unclaimed.



A WATER GOD.

his hand, withdrew it with a cry, having been stung by a scorpion. As scorpions do lurk in cracks and crannies of old masonry, the story is, at all events, *ben trovato*.

Heredity is always interesting. Miss Rosaline Masson, daughter of the Emeritus Professor of English at Edinburgh, has written a book on "The Use and Abuse of English," which has run into a second edition.



A COSTUMIER DECORATED BY THE FRENCH ACADEMY.
Photo by Ripp, Paris.

This circular drain-mouth, fifteen feet in circumference, is the marble face of Oceanus, the Water God, now in the portico of the old basilical church of Santa Maria in Cesmedin, supposed—very much supposed—scarecrow of the Roman urchin, who is told that the mouth closes over the hand of the naughty teller of fibs, in proof of which assertion is related the true fib that an English *milord*, derisively putting in

Here is a fine specimen of what can be done by trick-photography. The four ladies in the picture are really one. Mr. A. Brown, who took the picture, is a member of the Manchester Photographic Society.



THIS IS NOT FOUR LADIES, BUT ONLY ONE.

Taken by Mr. Alfred Brown, Claremont, North Drive, St Anne's-on-the-Sea, Lancashire.

Are Early Victorian fashions coming back? The more grotesque forms—which the Jubilee tried to revive—may not be, but the increasing fulness of skirts bears such a resemblance to the gowns of yesteryear that I reproduce a batch of photographs taken in the 'fifties by M. Adolphe Beau, who used to have a studio in Regent Street. He is a stately old Frenchman who might have lived during the First Empire. One of the first photographers to turn the camera on the stage, he recently contributed (in excellent English) some charming reminiscences of the players of yesterday to Mr. Whyte's volume on "Actors of the Century." The photographs I reproduce made the wearers of Early Victorian fashions possible; the fashion-plates of that period, of course, do not.

Duchess and dame of high degree,
You come across the years to me
As *cartes-de-visite* faded.
I greet you in your quaint array,
For I can scarce recall the day
When lovely woman dressed that way
And wore her tresses braided.

Full forty years or more ago,
I know you posed for Monsieur Beau
(A courtier always gracious).
The fashion-plates burlesque the case,
For here you faced the lens with grace,
Though silly ringlets wreathed your face,
And spite of skirts capacious.

I can't recall the days when belles
Dressed like Trelawny of the "Wells,"
And when our land was arming
To try its strength with Russia's powers
By fighting in the land of Giaours—
Yet, having lately witnessed "Ours,"
I'm sure you all looked charming.

You had not dreamed of tailor-made,
Of any latch-keyed girl brigade;
You scouted Mistress Bloomer.
You scarcely knew the curling-tongs;
You did not prate of woman's wrongs;
You lacked, indeed, what now belongs
To every blatant boomer.

Grotesque, indeed! Nay, 'Ninety-Nine
Has brought our beauties into line
With dear old Winterhalter's.
The ladies' papers now announce
The growing fulness of the flounce,
For Fashion—howsoever you trounce—
But very rarely alters.

Christianity is certainly becoming a most bloodthirsty institution, if we may take the *Spectator* as a type of the Christian journal. A series of articles in that paper have been distinctly incentive to war with France, and one entitled "The Muscat Incident," in the issue of March 11, was mischievous in the extreme. It says: "If negotiation between the two States is rendered too difficult, there will be war between them sooner or later, and the French Government is rendering negotiation almost impossible." Phrases like this—the "Don't put his head under the pump" method—are scattered all through the article—deadly nonsense, all of it, and a disgrace to our civilisation. But, then, the

comfort of it—a little more of it and the *Spectator* will lose all its old authority. Contrast with it the fact that nearly all our Royal Family are at this moment accepting the hospitality of France. On the literary side the *Spectator* is becoming equally impossible. In the same issue it hails the dull, stupid humour of "Mr. Dooley in Peace and War" as equal to Artemus Ward. Fortunately, however, the quotations stultify the extravagant praise.

I congratulate the editor of the *Empress*, of Calcutta, on the improvement in that journal. It is beautifully printed, and is a creditable sample of illustrated journalism.

Our Gallic neighbours are much exercised about their famous dust. Not long ago I mentioned the search for Murat's remains. On the first of this month, following directions supplied by M. de Rieaudy, the Municipal Commission of "Old Paris" proceeded to make excavations in the chapel of the Laënnec Hospital, the old Hospital for Incurables, with a view to locating the tomb of Turgot. The Marquise Turgot and other notable representatives of the family were present. The searchers were rewarded by finding the coffin of Louis XVI.'s celebrated minister and that of his father, Michel Etienne Turgot, Provost of the Merchants of Paris, also the coffins of two kinsmen, Antoine Turgot, Administrator of Limoges in 1671, and Jacques Turgot, Administrator of Normandy, Counsellor of State for Finance under Louis XIII., and one of the founders of the Hospital for Incurables. The find was made on the left side of the altar. The Commission lately investigated a tradition, published by M. Léon Say, to the effect that the remains of Turgot were removed to Bons, and found it groundless. Anne-Robert-Jacques Turgot was born on May 10, 1727, and died March 18, 1781. He became Controller-General of Finance in 1771, and was dismissed in 1776.



THE REMAINS OF TURGOT.

THE BELLES OF THE 'FIFTIES.

Taken by Monsieur Beau.



DUCHESS OF WELLINGTON.



MARCHIONESS OF ELY.



DUCHESS OF MANCHESTER.



LADY A. DUFF.



LADY COMPTON'S FAMILY.



COUNTESS OF AIRLIE.



LADY DIANA BEAUCLERK.



LADY TANKERVILLE AND MARCHIONESS OF ELY.



MISS GLADSTONE.



MR. R. CHAPMAN'S POINTER, HEATHER RIP.



NORTHERN QUEEN, OWNED BY MR. W. H. BOYES.

Photo by Berry and Sons, Moses Gate.

Two of the dogs on this page are familiar to the people who go to shows. Heather Rip is a beautiful specimen of a pointer.

Northern Queen is a fine specimen of a Great Dane, owned, like many other good dogs of the same breed, by Mr. W. H. Boyes, of Bradford Avenue, Bolton, Lancashire, and exhibited by him at the Brighton Show. She is a well-grown and handsome black bitch, who, unfortunately for herself and her smart appearance, came into this world about six weeks too late, and after the rule was laid down by the Kennel Club to the effect that "no dog born after March 31, 1895, can, if cropped, win a prize." Northern Queen was born on May 14 of that year, and consequently has to appear in the



PEG WOFFINGTON.

show-ring with non-cropped ears, a state of affairs which is greatly to the detriment of these dogs from a picturesque point of view, but which, like the laws of those most objectionable Medes and Persians, is not to be gainsaid, more especially as it is said to be for the prevention of cruelty to dogs. Northern Queen is by Baron of Danes ex Lady Minna. Her portrait shows her splendid contour and proportions.

Peg Woffington is a Pekin pug, about nine inches high at the shoulder, and weighing from eight and a-half to ten pounds, according to her appetite and the satisfaction thereof. In intelligence and affection these pugs are not excelled by any breed of dogs. Peg belongs to Mrs. F. E. Haskin, of Shanghai.



SUPPLIANTS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. T. NEWMAN, BERKHAMPTSTEAD.



MISS MIRIAM CLEMENTS AS THE DUCHESSE DE BOURGOGNE IN "A COURT SCANDAL,"
AT THE COURT THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.

A GREAT DISPLAY OF FENCING.

THE BEST FENCERS IN EUROPE FIGHT TO-NIGHT IN LONDON.

The Exhibition of Foil-play which has been arranged for this evening has a programme which has never been excelled in the history of English Fencing. Originally intended by Mr. A. Forbes Sieveking as a benefit-performance for Vital Lebailly, professor of the London Fencing Club, in Cleveland Row, St. James's, it rapidly developed into an international Assault-at-Arms, in which the finest blades on both sides of the Channel promised to appear. The keen interest shown by the public finally enabled the promoters to secure the Portman Rooms, and thus to give every opportunity for a display unequalled in this country since the days when the Chevalier d'Eon crossed foils with the Prince of Wales, and the incomparable Angelo went to Paris to beat all the native swordsmen.

Vital Lebailly takes a very high rank among the French professionals who instruct us in an art which has been far too much confined to Paris until lately. Not much over four-and-forty years of age, he has seen more of the world than often falls to the lot of a *maître d'armes*. He left his first post, with the 82nd Regiment of French Infantry, to join the famous Mérignacs, with whom he remained two years. Soon after that, he crossed the Atlantic to teach fencing in the New Orleans Club, and it was not until he revisited France, and crossed once more to Havana, that he found a place which suited him as well as he has satisfied his pupils. He has been at the London Fencing Club for ten years. It was natural to begin this list with the *maître d'armes* for whose benefit the whole exhibition has been arranged, and our visitors will be the first to understand the natural patriotism which continues it with the name of the only Englishman on the programme. Frederick George McPherson, who is only



MR. FREDERICK GEORGE MCPHERSON.

Photo by Boisdon, Paris.

twenty-two years old, began fencing when he was only eleven, at his father's School of Arms, and won a gold medal when he was but fourteen. For nine months he worked at Brussels, where he took three more prizes, and on his return to Sloane Street he resumed the lessons with his father, and had the honour of giving an exhibition of his skill before the Prince of Wales, fencing with the well-known amateur, Mr. Egerton Castle. In 1894 he went to Paris for three months, and met most of the famous professors, Rouleau, Prévost, Kirchhoffer, and others. He was the first English teacher to take part in the professional tournament in Paris, to which he was invited. He won the silver medal and diploma, and was made a member of the Academy of Fencing.

Philippe Bourgeois, who has a small but select and earnest *salle* in Langham Chambers, began his service in the Thirty-Second Regiment of Artillery at Orleans, where he worked as a *prévôt* to secure admission to the École Normale at Joinville. After winning first prize in his Corps d'Armée, he was allotted a military instructorship at Fontainebleau. He then worked for some time with Thieriet in Paris and Brussels, and finally took the rooms near Regent Street, where he has remained for ten years with a large and devoted following of pupils. His style is particularly neat and taking, and as a master there are few who take such pains with beginners.

Conte is probably the finest living exponent of that deadliest of modern duelling weapons, the Italian *sciabola*, with which he won the International Championship of 1896 at Paris, a defeat which will never be forgotten (or forgiven) by French fencers, for on that occasion the ten competitions with the sword were divided between five Italian



M. CONTE.



M. CAMILLE PRÉVOST: "THE OPENING SALUTE."

amateurs and five Italian professionals. Conte now teaches the Italian school with great success in Paris, having first gained a reputation by his brilliant assault with Pini at Brussels, which was followed by a duel in real earnest with that same redoubtable adversary. It is unfortunate that Pini's engagements in Buenos Ayres have prevented him staying long enough on this side of the Atlantic to appear this evening. But in Conte the committee have secured the finest European representative both with the duelling-sword and with the light sabre of Italy.

M. Selderslagh is one of the most famous of that splendid group of masters who have always kept the reputation of Brussels very high as a centre of the best fencing. Before his father died, when he was only eleven, the young Selderslagh had already begun to learn the rudiments of the art he brought to such perfection later on. His skill even at that early age attracted the attention of one of his father's pupils, whose generosity provided a continuance of the lessons under the professors of the Club which had developed out of the old Salle d'Armes. To these enthusiastic teachers, Lafont and Chalb, Selderslagh still attributes his success. But he learnt a great deal on various visits to Paris in the rooms of Rouleau and of Mérignac. By the age of eighteen he had passed all the necessary examinations, and became a Professor in the Brussels Club, where he is still. He has fought against assailants so celebrated as G. Rouleau, Lucien Mérignac, Kirchhoffer, Mimiague, Conte, and many others, and has invariably done well. His career is just beginning, and is full of the brightest promise.

Georges Rouleau began life with the advantage of a famous name, and he has, if possible, increased its reputation. Born in 1870, he joined his father's *salle*, in the Rue des Pyramides, when he was eighteen. Three years afterwards he won his brevet as *maitre d'armes* at Joinville, was made a Professor in the École Polytechnique, and left the army in 1893 to assist his father and his brother in the direction of the Salle Mimiague-Rouleau, in the Rue St. Honoré. In 1897 he secured the first prize in the International Tournament at Paris, and he is now at the zenith of

his powers as a remarkably fine and fast fencer, as deadly as he is correct. Camille Prévost needs very little introduction to English readers. His

form and figure will be familiar to readers of the "Badminton Library," in the volume on "Fencing," for in those pages are reproduced the photographs which he had taken of himself in the various positions for correct fencing. As the Professor of the "Union Artistique" in Paris, he represents all that is most accurate in the highest traditions of French fencing. Not, perhaps, so anxious to develop new theories as his younger competitors may be, Prévost has the future of the art in as safe keeping as the past, for he possesses the gift of expression in language to almost as great an extent as the skill of managing his sword. In the words of Paul Bourget's charmingly complimentary lines on French fencing—

Prévost, nul mieux que
vous n'en garde le
secret,
Et vous avez fixé cet Art,
où notre race
Sut empreindre son don
de mesure et de grâce,
D'une plume qui vaut
votre savant fleuret.

Besides these Masters others have promised to be present, and in Ridderbaeks (who taught Miss Lowther), in Walter (who has the care of fencing at Oxford), in Danguy (whose Salle d'Armes in London is well known), there is every promise of a brilliant company, in addition to those already mentioned. It was hoped that the renowned Kirchhoffer himself would appear at the last moment, but he has just accepted an invitation to fence before the King of Sweden and Norway. But, in any case, the talent which has been assembled by Mr. Sieveking and his committee for to-night's display has certainly never been equalled for at least half-a-century in a London gathering, and is among the most encouraging signs of that increase in the popularity of the *arme blanche* which has been so noticeable of late all over England. The interest of the exhibition will be much increased by the fact that the programme is the work of Frédéric Régamey, and this I shall hope to reproduce



M. SELDESLAGH.
Photo by Hoppehert.



M. GEORGES ROULEAU.
Photo by Boisdon, Paris.



M. PHILIPPE BOURGEOIS.
Photo by Emberson, Gracechurch Street.



M. VITAL LEBAILLY.
Photo by Maceo, Havana.

for my readers' benefit next week, when a few more details of the actual performance will be given.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

A PAINTER OF "THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS."

The "religious" painting, like the religious novel, has unfortunately, among connoisseurs, the reputation of being more "religious" than artistic. It is, therefore, with a distinct sense of pleasure that one chronicles the exhibition of a painting that, from an artistic as well as from a "religious" point of view, leaves nothing to be desired. In M. Eugène Burnand's "Man of Sorrows," Messrs. Dowdeswell have discovered a work that should arouse not only "popular" attention, but the admiration of all who are interested in the art that elevates by its appeal to our culture and our sense of what is beautiful and reverent.

M. Eugène Burnand, though comparatively unknown in England, is no newcomer, for at the Guildhall Exhibition of French Art last year, and also at a recent Academy exhibition, specimens of his work were shown, and, despite their unobtrusiveness, greatly admired. Although living and working in Paris, and although he is a prominent member of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts, M. Burnand is a native of Switzerland. Like so many of his fellow-countrymen who follow artistic pursuits, M. Burnand has made his home and reputation in a foreign country. The cities of Switzerland, though industrially in an extremely flourishing condition, take no artistic rank. The German Swiss who paints or writes goes, like Arnold Böcklin or Gottfried Keller, to Munich or Berlin. M. Burnand, being a French Swiss, turned naturally to Paris. His early exhibited work bore unmistakable traces of the country he had left. Large Alpine landscapes with Alpine cattle were the first subjects that exercised his brush—indeed, one of the famous Nestlé posters is a reproduction of one of these scenes. Following his career, we feel that he must have come under the influence, first, of Dagnan-Bouveret, and then of Edelfelt, a Scandinavian, notable for a series of fine Biblical paintings. The variety and excellence of his work, meanwhile, showed proportionate advances. The Swiss Government bought his chief historical picture, "The Flight of the Duke of Burgundy," a vivid and well-drawn composition, full of fine colour. The cavalcade is pressing by a wood; the defeated Duke leads, bare-headed, and is followed by a number of dejected retainers. The animation of the moving horses, the fine feeling for facial expression that makes each character dramatic and eloquent of defeat, render this canvas notable among historical paintings. The art of M. Verestchagin is primitive by comparison.

Another work of M. Burnand's, "Peter and John Hurrying to the Sepulchre after the Resurrection," was honoured by the French Government. It was purchased for the national collection, and now

forms one of the chief ornaments of the Luxembourg. In this, as in "The Prodigal Son," which was shown at the Guildhall, M. Burnand has applied all the modern resources of art to a Biblical subject. These paintings are impressionistic in technique, their lighting and colour is that of the *plein-airistes*, and the figures are studied from life and rendered with the realism that has replaced the conventions of the romanticists. The two disciples are really poor, humble men animated by a great truth; the Prodigal Son and his father are father and son, and beautiful, despite their homeliness.

In "The Man of Sorrows," M. Burnand has seen with the same broad simplicity. A single figure kneeling, robed in white, with a plain, weather-worn face that has known the pain of the world, is M. Burnand's Saviour, the Saviour of a French Protestant. Again we have a very humble man, a man of the people, but suffering and faith ennoble and beautify the lowly features, and—one mark of divine origin—from the iridescent halo that crowns the bent head radiates an opalescent atmosphere that gives a subtle glory to the simply robed figure before us. This painting of M. Burnand's recalls the pre-Raphaelite purity of the earlier Rossetti. As in "The Annunciation" at the Tate Gallery, the only colours used are those in the pale-blue background, the white dress and the face. We welcome this painting not only for its artistic beauty and reverent spirit, but also as one of the very few instances wherein a Huguenot painter has expressed his conception of the Christ.

At Messrs. Dowdeswell's also are a series of black-and-white drawings by M. Burnand representative of incidents in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." These I cordially recommend to the notice of my friends in the publishing trade.

As landscape alone, many of these drawings should find purchasers. The figures are as vivacious and as eloquent of the characters embodied as any that I know—this in despite of their unmistakable French origin. Yet a universal work like "The Pilgrim's Progress" is capable of such translation—indeed, there is something of the charm of novelty in this exchange from the broad Northern types to which we are accustomed to figures more Southern in complexion and feature. Giant Despair, in particular, has been adapted from the French model, and the lined and expressive face with which M. Burnand has endowed him is particularly arresting. The landscape in which these figures progress is, as I said before, especially well rendered—indeed, so much does it form a part of the picture that there is a certain human quality in the sympathy with which it helps to tell a story of which it forms an integral part. Messrs. Dowdeswell are also showing a fine collection of old masters, including notable examples of Guardi and Mareschi, the Venetian Canallists.

A. K.



M. EUGÈNE BURNAND.

Photo by Potierat, Montreux.



LE RETOUR DE L'ENFANT PRODIGE.—EUGÈNE BURNAND.

Exhibited at the Dowdeswell Galleries, New Bond Street, W.



CHRISTIAN AND HOPEFUL LED TO PRISON BY GIANT DESPAIR.

PAINTED BY EUGENE BURNAND AND EXHIBITED AT THE DOWDESWELL GALLERIES, NEW BOND STREET, W.

THE RIVAL CREWS.

From Photographs by E. Gordon, Putney.

R. O. Pitman (bow). C. W. Tompkinson. A. H. Steel. H. J. Hale. C. E. Johnston. F. W. Warre. A. T. Herbert. H. Gold (stroke). G. S. MacLagan (cox.).

THE OXFORD CREW.



G. A. Lloyd (cox.). J. H. Gibbon (stroke). W. Dudley-Ward. R. H. Sanderson. R. B. Etherington-Smith. J. E. Payne. C. J. D. Goldie. N. S. Calvert. W. H. Chapman (bow).

THE CAMBRIDGE CREW.



BOAT-RACE DAY.



AD. LIPKENS RUTH



THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

THE COMING OF A NOVELIST.*

There are the elements of greatness in Dr. William Barry's novel, "The Two Standards." In scope, in style, in purpose, it is far above the ordinary level of fiction. It is a work of the hill-top. In scope it is immeasurable; a more ambitious book has not been published for years. It is a vast, wide-embracing panorama of the existence of these latter days, seething with life. And it is more. It is a criticism of that existence, an exposure of its hidden depths, of its tendencies, its influences, its secrets, of the undercurrents of the end of the century. It offers, too, a cure for the devastating sickness of the time. In style it is remarkable. On every page Dr. Barry's command of words is a thing of wonderment. The writing throughout is strongly individual, striking, daring, forceful, yet always graceful. And in purpose it is greatest. It is the confession of deep thoughts, deep convictions. I do not claim for an instant to understand all that was in the author's mind, to read his allegory as he reads it, to appreciate his theories in all their fulness; but I do understand that "The Two Standards" is not merely a story, that Dr. Barry is not writing merely to titillate the senses. I feel as I close the book that from title-page to colophon it is a sermon for the soul. The text of that sermon—it has very many "heads"—is to be found in the poem which prefaces the second part of the novel—

And at the Centre, lo! what Angel
stands,
Holding the scale wherein the things
are laid,
The Elements that make the seas and
lands,
Men's lives and thoughts and deeds—
their light and shade—
Down to the smallest grain and sands
of sands!
Thus in God's balance True and
False are weighed.

And yet—perhaps it would be true to say, and therefore—"The Two Standards" is not a great novel. It is natural to dwell first on the weaknesses of a book of such pretensions. They are glaring. Judged by the standards of fiction, and in its present form the book demands such judgment, it would be pronounced almost a failure. It is not good fiction. It is badly constructed, wanting in coherence and plan. It contains much that is superfluous, much that, if the interest depended upon the story, would be tiresome. Dr. Barry has yet to grasp the supreme importance of selection, has yet to learn to pick and choose, to sift and sort. There is material in "The Two Standards" for half-a-dozen three-volume novels. There are chapters and episodes—long chapters, long episodes—not one nor two, which have no vital relation to the central idea. There are characters whose introduction hinders rather than helps the plot. There are loose threads everywhere. Both writer and reader are embarrassed by the richness of theme and thought.

I have headed this review with something dangerously akin to a prophecy. I feel confident that there is in Dr. Barry the making of a great novelist. He has something to say, a message for the age. He sees and understands. His sympathies are wide, his charity large, and he has probed life to the quick. From the fact that he has in "The Two Standards" issued a sermon in the guise of fiction, it is clear that he intends to preach to the great crowd outside the church. But he must study the requirements of the novel-reading public if he is to make his voice heard above the din of current fiction. He must realise, first of all, that this public has neither inclination nor time to read parables and understand allegories.

It would be unfair to attempt a summary of "The Two Standards" in these columns. Such a book cannot be epitomised in a few sentences. You might as well attempt to condense life into an epithet. I have space only to mention one phase of its power.

The most striking thing in the book is the history of the greatness and great fall of Lucas Harland, Napoleon of Finance. Dr. Barry's conception of the yellow danger is not a Chinese invasion, but the greed of gain. This absorbing lust for gold is at the root of all that is most tragic and pitiful in "The Two Standards." It lurks in the history of the poor country vicarage where the Rev. Harold Greystoke—a kind,

well-meaning man, negatively good—corresponded by every post with outside brokers. It rises in all its fearsome hideousness from the terrible picture of midnight in London—"high noon in Hell." It changes to gall all that is sweet in the character of Charlie Latimer. It eats like a loathsome canker at the heart of Marion Greystoke, who had married Midas, and in three months felt the nausea of gold. It was in Lucas Harland a mighty passion. "It filled his brain with its fumes, thrilled down every nerve, took his attention from what was under his eyes; he walked the world a monomaniac, possessed by one vision of the power of money." It lured him on to his Waterloo, his St. Helena. When, under the ghastly prison system, the demon was exorcised, seven other devils took its place.

Of the purpose of the book I have no need to write, for each reader will read a meaning and purpose of his own as he interprets the allegory. "The Two Standards," however great its failings, has one strong, lasting claim to remembrance. It makes thoughts.—J. E. HODDER WILLIAMS.

DR. BARRY'S CAREER.

Dr. Barry has been writing for a good many years, and on a variety of subjects, but seldom above his own name. Born in London nearly fifty years ago, he comes of an old Norman-Celtic stock on the borders of the County Limerick, and is very proud of his Irish descent. He was brought up, however, at the College of Oscott, near Birmingham, in days when its staff consisted chiefly of men belonging to the Tractarian Movement, and his devotion to Cardinal Newman has inspired the sketch of the great Oratorian's Life which he wrote in 1890, and which is now in its tenth thousand. Dr. Barry proceeded to the English College, Rome, in 1868. There he took his degree in Divinity; he saw the Vatican Council and the taking of Rome, and was permitted a very characteristic interview by Pius IX. before returning to England in 1873. The famous Dr. W. G. Ward—"Ideal Ward"—associated the young writer with himself in the *Dublin Review*, to which he contributed on metaphysical and scholastic subjects, including a sharp criticism of Professor Tyndall's "Belfast Address"; and, later, when Dr. Ward had resigned, he dealt with literary subjects, George Eliot, Carlyle, Amiel, Freiligrath, and John Inglesant. A student of many languages, Dr. Barry became, in 1889, a contributor to the *Quarterly Review*, and Sir William Smith, as well as Mr. R. E. Prothero, gave him the opportunity of writing on Heine and the Modern French Novel, on Latter-Day Pagans, the Strike of a Sex, Sir Walter Raleigh,

the Discovery of America, Tasso, Gibbon, Nietzsche, Hafiz; while his dealing, last October, with the aims and peculiarities of Miss Corelli and Mr. Hall-Caine has called fresh attention to the modern religious romance.

Dr. Barry's own first attempt in this line was made with "The New Antigone" in 1887—an anonymous book much talked of then and since for what people described as its daring unconventionality. In 1893 Dr. Barry went to Chicago and lectured in the United States, where his name is very well known. Later, he gave four lectures at the Royal Institution on "Masters of Modern Thought." When the centenary of Edmund Burke came to pass, he was invited to deliver the addresses in London and Dublin; both meetings were large and enthusiastic; that in Dublin was representative on a national scale, and included every shade of opinion, Lord Dufferin taking the chair. A list of Dr. Barry's writings would extend over no small space; he appears to have published upwards of sixty considerable essays, besides articles in the *Speaker* and in many other journals on literary and social subjects, choosing by preference authors from German, French, or Italian literature, and treating them with a certain cosmopolitan largeness not quite usual in England. He does not hold with Socialism as a theory, but his arguments, whether in his novels, lectures, or essays, are directed against the reigning system of capitalist exploitation, which he condemns on the ground that it is fatal to art, an enemy of religion, and likely to bring down the public order in ruin on its own head.

P. H. MACENERY.



THE REV. WILLIAM BARRY.

Photo by Werner, Dublin.

* "The Two Standards." By William Barry. London: T. Fisher Unwin.



MISS MAGGIE ROBERTS IN "A GREEK SLAVE," AT DALY'S THEATRE.

Miss Roberts, who understudies Miss Tempest in "A Greek Slave," is a clever English girl. She began in the chorus, and got her first chance as Miss Florence St. John's understudy for the part of Kitty Hetherington in "In Town." She has now been on the boards some eight years. Miss Roberts's earlier successes were in the title-rôle of "Joan of Arc," Susan in "Blue-Eyed Susan," Edith Kingsley in "The Snowstorm," and the title-rôle of "Donna Luiza" at the temple of light-opera in Coventry Street, after which she went to Daly's for "An Artist's Model," and has remained there ever since. Miss Roberts is a native of Hovehead, but was educated in Manchester. This picture is by Window and Grove.



MISS ELLIOT PAGE, THE HEROINE OF "ON AND OFF," AT THE VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.

Miss Elliot Page is an American, and made her London debut a few years ago at a matinee of "The Joker," at the Avenue Theatre, after which she was secured for the St. James's Theatre in "The Triumph of the Philistines." In New York she had scored in "The Hub." She was persuaded to "come over" by a well-known English actress, and enlarged her experience by studying emotional parts under Miss Sarah Thorne. Miss Page is the daughter of the late Colonel J. Augustus Page, a prominent citizen of French descent. Her first appearance was made in "The Dancing-Girl," and for several seasons she played in a wide range of parts under the management of Mr. Daniel Frohman. This picture is by Messrs. W and D. Downey.

THE STORY OF PHILIP D'AUVERGNE.*

In a note at the end of that fascinating romance, "The Battle of the Strong," Mr. Parker owns some indebtedness to the forgotten story of the young Jerseyman, Philip d'Auvergne, and the well-merited favour with which Mr. Parker's book has been received cannot fail to make some slight account of the prototype of Philip d'Avranche extremely interesting to a vast number of readers. "Here," says the chronicler, "is one and the same man raised from the prospects of a moderate and hard-working career almost to those of royalty. . . . Cruel fortune

Gave him a crown and denied him bread."

In the early part of the thirteenth century a cadet of the noble house of Auvergne emigrated to England, where, it would seem, he married without parental consent. Of this alliance—or misalliance—there was issue a son named Thiebault, who about the year 1232 obtained a grant of lands in the little island of Jersey, and was the founder of a Jersey family, one of whose descendants was that Philip, an officer in the British Navy at the end of the last century, whose strange vicissitudes have suggested to Mr. Parker certain episodes in the story of "Philip d'Avranche." It must have been some time between the years 1775 and 1780 (the exact date I have been unable to discover) that Lieutenant Philip d'Auvergne, then serving on board her Majesty's ship known in ballad as "the saucy *Arcthusa*," was wrecked off Brest, after a sharp action, and officers and crew became French prisoners of war.

At this time, Godfrey, the reigning Sovereign Duke of Bouillon, was searching for an heir, his elder son being an infirm invalid, his second son having met an untimely death. A chance, strange as that in any melodrama or sensation novel, brought the young prisoner of war face to face with his illustrious namesake. The charming manners of Philip appear to have impressed the Duke in the most favourable way, and he obtained permission for his young friend to visit him in Navarre on his way to England. This sudden fancy seems to have induced the Duke to push on his researches with regard to his family with renewed vigour, and it is said that he even hinted to his guest certain views as to the possible result of such inquiries. Be that as it may, Mr. d'Auvergne returned to England deeply impressed with his friendly reception. After seeing more service abroad, Philip once more came home, and was promoted to the rank of Post-Captain. In London he once again had the good fortune to meet the Duke, who evinced a lively interest in him, and again invited him to France. Debt prevented the acceptance of this gratifying invitation, but in each of two following years he was able to pay a visit to his benefactor, who loaded him with favours, and called him son in pursuance of a formal act of adoption dated 1784. Two years later the Duke's researches were complete, and letters patent acknowledging the descent of the father and uncle of Philip "from the ancient Counts of Auvergne, their and the Duke's Common Ancestors," were granted. These letters patent were, by the licence of George III., duly recorded at our English College of Arms on Jan. 1, 1787. Philip still continued, however, in the British Navy; but in 1790 his health compelled him to resign, and, soon after, he visited the Duke of Bouillon in Navarre, finding him much shattered by the terrors of the French Revolution, already beginning to be felt in the provinces, which had up to that time escaped them.

The following summer saw Philip d'Auvergne publicly and solemnly acknowledged as his adopted son by the Duke of Bouillon, and invested as Prince Successor, the sword of Turenne being girded on him by the Duke himself. The Hereditary Prince gave his adhesion to this arrangement, and these declarations were duly registered and sanctioned by every civil and military power in the Duchy. In 1792 King George gave Philip d'Auvergne a formal licence to accept these honours, permitting him to blazon the shield of Bouillon on that of his own family. A formal deed of gift was also executed by the Duke of Bouillon of the whole of his possessions in the ancient Comté of Auvergne. In December 1892 died Godfrey, Duke of Bouillon, to be succeeded by James, his somewhat impotent son. The little Sovereignty of Bouillon suffered much during the terrors of the Revolution, and in this trying period it obtained but small support or assistance from its reigning Duke. James died in 1802, and our hero, Philip d'Auvergne, started from England to enter on his long-expected inheritance. His vanity and want of judgment appear to have involved him in trouble with the authorities in Paris, and for a few days he was actually imprisoned in the Temple. Released, he was compelled to leave the land of his adoption. Failing to enlist the British Government to take up his cause, he returned to the Navy, and commanded the *Ledeur* on the Jersey station.

With the restoration of the Bourbons, Philip d'Auvergne obtained more than an empty title, and for a few months actually governed his Duchy—alas! for a few months only: an Act of the Congress of Vienna dispossessed him, "upon considerations of general policy." On the final overthrow of Napoleon, he once again brought forward his claims, which were contested by Prince Charles de Rohan, in whose favour the Courts of Austria, Prussia, and Sardinia, who tried the cause, eventually decided. Philip d'Auvergne, aged, broken, disappointed, shattered in mind and body, could not sustain the disappointment, and committed suicide at Holmes's Hotel, London, on Sept. 18, 1816. There is, I believe, a tablet to his memory in St. Margaret's, Westminster.

Such are the bare outlines of one of the strangest stories of real life, the dry bones of which Mr. Parker has clothed with a noble romance which should live long in English fiction. W. C. F.

* The prototype of Mr. Gilbert Parker's Philip d'Avranche, the hero of "The Battle of the Strong."

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

It is curious how considerations of policy sweep away all personal prejudices in our age—and, indeed, in others, but in ours most easily. Perhaps our passions are less fervid, or our intellects are more acute, than those of our forefathers. A few years now will make the change that it needed centuries to make before, and turn the hated enemy into the trusted partner or the bosom friend. Who would have ventured to predict that, a few years after a certain famous Raid and a certain famous telegram, the organiser of the Raid and the sender of the telegram would be cheerfully discussing the great African railway as a possible common undertaking? Yet it is not so strange as many of the international combinations of the eighteenth century. Only then there were no prejudices to speak of; policy was left to experts, and these were far too cynical, as a rule, to let personal feeling bar them from any possible advantage. Europe, in the matter of foreign policy, is rapidly slipping back into the temper of the eighteenth century. We discuss in our daily papers the most strange and even shocking diplomatic combinations. A league of France and Germany to check English colonial expansion is openly favoured by many Frenchmen; and, if the Germans do not greatly favour it, it is because they doubt whether friendship with England would not be more profitable. Hence the new friendliness, and the telegrams to Kitchener and the Kipling message about "our common race," and hence, too, the welcome to Mr. Rhodes.

The interview must have been entertaining. There is a considerable kinship of mind between the two potentates. Each is grandiose rather than great; each given to making big splashes in the world, and each, though possessing a wonderful power of retrieving apparently hopeless mistakes, nevertheless never quite gets there. Raid and telegram alike recoiled on the heads of their authors. But each of the two men has the sense to learn by mistakes, and the Kaiser can put on at any time the brusque frankness and cordiality that his guest always affects. In a word, both are modern men; and therefore neither will let the past stand in the way of a deal. And the Little Englanders need hardly carp at the Kaiser for his friendly reception of the Chartered pirate (as they term their bugbear); after all, Wilhelm fraternised with Abdul the What's-his-named, and even the author of Trooper Peter Party Pamphlet might admit that Mr. Rhodes is morally above the Sultan.

The Kaiser is a modern man; he has a mediæval side to his mind, which is interesting to watch; but, though he may occasionally dress up in armour, he tools with a quick-firing gun. Hence, when in presence of the impracticable men and systems of past ages—the mediæval anarchy of China, or the seventeenth-century narrowness of the Boer—he drifts to the side of the progressive man or nation. Germany and Russia can never contract an alliance of any real warmth; Russia hates the Germans as civilised and grasping interlopers, Germany dreads and yet despises the threatening, shapeless mass on her border. Prussia is the conquest of Teutonic civilisation, the outpost of the German against the Slav. England and Germany, like England and the United States, have their quarrels, their misunderstandings; but, in the main, they can enter into each other's ideas and appreciate the reasonableness of each other's wishes. Each knows where to find the other; the inculcable Celt, the undefinable Slav, are distrusted by both.

And in the great—or rather, grandiose—Cape-Cairo plan there is nothing to prevent a profitable agreement. If Germany makes a railway from Tanganyika to the coast, her line will be obviously more prosperous if it taps the artery of African traffic at its centre. If the Cape to Cairo railway is ever completed, it will be of the greatest service to it to have an outlet to the sea. The details of the financial question are easily to be arranged; any Railway Clearing House could solve them speedily.

Why should not the meeting of Kaiser and Colossus forward the common interests of "our great common race" (Celts and Slavs, please note!)? Nobody wants to be aggressive and grasping; still, there might be an understanding that when the map was painted red in one part, it should be painted Prussian blue in another, and if not red or blue, it should not be painted at all. Business aims and business methods are the only sound foundation for alliances; witness the decline of the Franco-Russian league of sentiment.

The years that have seen the sudden public friendship between Britain and America may well see a minor display of good feeling between Germany and England. There is less kinship, but, on the other hand, there is less tradition of enmity. Englishmen have never met Germans in fight—which is just as well for both of them. They have often fought side by side. With the United States it was not so. Public men like Senator Lodge, as his History shows, have believed in a British hatred for America, which, on the outbreak of the Spanish War, was, for some unexplained reason, turned to friendship. Obviously, this is nonsense. The Venezuelan dispute would have given a magnificent opportunity for this hatred to show itself; nothing appeared but a bewildered regret. The enmity was a figment.

Germans and English are less similar; but still they look at many matters alike. And I should not wonder that, if the Kaiser were not Wilhelm, he would not greatly mind being Henry Cecil, though I doubt if Mr. Rhodes would like to be German Emperor. His sweep is too spacious for that populous land. MARMITON.





Oscar Wilson

HIS OLD DUTCH.

THE KEY TO THE PYRAMIDS.

There are many historic and famous stones in the world, but few of them possess the value and interest of the piece of black basalt, called the "Rosetta Stone," mounted in the West Gallery of the British Museum.



THE KEY TO THE PYRAMIDS (FRONT).

How many pass idly by this strangely shaped object each day and scarce give it the most casual attention! As a matter of fact, had it not been for the Rosetta Stone, our linguists would have been absolutely at a loss to decipher the Egyptian records; the hieroglyphic characters would have been meaningless tracings. This stone, however, proved the key to the language of Egypt, and the importance of the work which has been accomplished through this knowledge is very great indeed. For instance, many points of dispute in relation to ancient history have been cleared up, and, in some instances, important passages of the Bible—especially relating to the period of time when the Hebrews dwelt "in the land of Egypt"—have been elucidated. The manners, customs, and religious rites of the Egyptians have been brought to light, and, through this stone, we are now enabled to obtain an insight into the early history of this wonderful people. With far-seeing sagacity, the mind which directed the cutting of the inscriptions upon the Rosetta Stone had it done in three different languages—no doubt with a view to making the hieroglyphic characters understood by the clever Greeks, the most intellectual people in the world at that time.

The Rosetta Stone is written in three languages: the Hieroglyphic, or language known only to the priest caste; the Demotic, or Enchorial, the common speech of the people; and the Greek. Had it not been for the use of Greek, it is doubtful if the Rosetta Stone would ever have been deciphered. Of course, every classical scholar has a knowledge of Greek; by this knowledge, the inscriptions in Egyptian language on the other parts of the stone were easily made out, and, by use of the key thus afforded, the whole of the characters of Egypt—which are picture-words—became very easy to read, just as one may decipher the most difficult of cryptograms if he be possessed of a key. The stone in question is of black basalt, as has been said. It is 3 ft. 7 in. long and 2 ft. 6 in. wide, containing one-third of the Hieroglyphic and nearly all of the Greek portions, the upper part and some of the sides having been broken away. The inscriptions on the stone pertain to a decree in honour of Ptolemy Epiphanes by the priests of Egypt, assembled at a synod at Memphis. The synod was convened on account of his remission of the arrears of taxes and dues owed by the Sacerdotal body. So it seems, even in those early days, the "Sacerdotal body" were ready to convoke synods on the slightest provocation, especially in regard to their "dues and taxes." This in itself is an instructive lesson which shows us that the world is about the same today as it was in B.C. 196, when the stone was set up. The Rosetta Stone in the British Museum is the only discovered specimen of the numerous inscriptions of a similar nature set up at the same time.

The stone was found in 1799 by M. Boussard, a French officer of Engineers, during the French occupation of Egypt. It was unearthed in an excavation made at Fort St. Julien, near Rosetta, a city of Egypt on the west bank of the old Bolbitic Nile. The name "Rosetta" is derived from an old Egyptian word, "Rousat," meaning "the mouth of the Nile." Recent excavations show that this stone was found on the site of a temple dedicated to Necho II., of the twenty-sixth dynasty. The worshippers in this temple paid homage to the Solar God, Atum or Tum.



THE KEY TO THE PYRAMIDS (BACK).

A MONKEY AS A PET.

The Java pig-tailed baboon grows to a considerable size, with very formidable teeth, and strong, muscular limbs, but he is noted as being very good-tempered and docile in captivity, and the one herewith depicted is no exception to the rule. He has been with his present owners nearly four years, and, although a thorough monkey in his mischief, he has not the slightest vice, but shows quite an affectionate disposition, his only sign of temper being jealousy of any other pets favoured by his master or mistress.

If ever a monkey had a good time in captivity, this one surely has. Of course, he is never allowed his liberty, but, although always held secure by a stout collar and chain, his life is by no means devoid of variety. During the summer he lives in the country, and spends most of the day chained to a pole, round which he can make a "circular tour," or from the top of which he can survey the surrounding scenery, with its varying panorama of haymakers, harvest-men, or busy bird, insect, and animal life, and, with his extraordinary vision and keen hearing, nothing escapes his observation. In the evening he is always put in a cage indoors for the night before the mists rise, for, although monkeys can stand a cool, dry atmosphere for a time, damp is fatal.

In the winter his owner's profession necessitates a return to town life, and Mr. "Zoo-Zoo," as he is named, accompanies his master and mistress, and spends his days chained in a spare room, kept to a warm temperature, with a well-sawdusted floor, and having a good view of the square at the back of the house, for it would be cruelty to imprison him where he could see no one, it being good neither for monkeys nor men to be alone. At night he is again put in his cage, in a well-warmed kitchen, a dog and cat sharing the same apartment, but, of course, not inside his cage.

In his natural state the pig-tailed monkey lives principally upon fruit or roots, varied by small insects. Mr. "Zoo-Zoo" is also almost entirely a vegetarian, bananas, pomegranates, grapes, &c., being greatly appreciated; but, being rather too expensive for ordinary consumption, as he has a good appetite, potatoes (baked or boiled), pumpkins, and oatmeal porridge form his staple winter diet. Eggs, either raw or boiled, he enjoys, and he will also eat occasionally ordinary garden mould and small pieces of coal; no doubt these peculiar articles of diet take the place of substances which he would find for himself and eat medicinally if wild, but which he cannot obtain in captivity. Having never been exhibited nor teased, he is most gentle when food is offered him, never snatching it away from the giver; but, on the other hand, if anything which he ought not to have, whether edible or otherwise, chances to be within his reach, he will make as quick a pounce upon it, with whichever of his four hands can best reach it, as would the wildest monkey ever exhibited. Although a vegetarian, he is by no means a teetotaller, for, whenever he gets the chance, he will drink any kind of intoxicant, from a mild draught of home-brewed ale in the country during the summer to a stiff mixing of grog in the winter, "Scotch, with a slice of lemon," for preference.

These, however, are only exceptional beverages, milk-and-water being his principal drink; and a cup of cocoa every night after supper is one of his special treats.

He has never been trained to perform any tricks, but is, of course, a born acrobat, turning somersaults either backwards or forwards with ease. His ordinary gait is on all-fours, like a dog, and when he wishes to travel quickly, he can gallop as fast as most dogs; but he can also walk like a "human," and does do so hand-in-hand with his master or mistress.

Probably some lovers of animals, after seeing and having been amused by monkeys, either at the "Zoo" or in any other menagerie, will feel a desire to have a similar pet of their own; but the writer would caution them not to attempt it unless he or she can devote sufficient time and care to personally keep their captive not only healthy but happy. The attention necessary for a cat or dog is quite insufficient for a monkey, especially in our variable English climate, and to leave the care of it to servants would, in most cases, be to condemn it to almost certain neglect.

C. W. M.



A STRANGE PET.



MISS MABEL LOVE AS CONSTANCE IN "THE MUSKETEERS," AT HER MAJESTY'S.

Miss Love photographed here (as always) by the London Stereoscopic Company, began her career in "Alice in Wonderland" in 1886, and since that date she has rarely been out of a bill. She dances, she sings, and she is keen on comedy.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

A KNIGHT OF THE OBVIOUS.

BY B. A. CLARKE.

In the billiard-room at the local Club one night we were discussing panics. A recent catastrophe at a music-hall had brought the subject forward. There was nothing novel in the question, or, perhaps, in our handling of it; but subsequent happenings made the conversation memorable. "What strikes me," said I, "about all these affairs is that the loss of life is due to the omission of some act that seems afterwards a simple and natural one. People will do the wildest things to secure their own escape, sometimes even to compass that of others, but the one needful and apparently obvious course is overlooked."

"Not so strange, perhaps," said Cambridge, who is by way of being a small poet; "in all departments of life the secret of distinction is the cultivation of the obvious."

"What a pity it is that no one has thought of cultivating you!" growled Chandos, who is the kind of man to whom a commonplace becomes none the less uninteresting for being stood upon its head. It is a fact that Cambridge, for all his paradox, is the most "predictable" talker in the club. Given the subject, his remarks could be reported in advance. Cambridge does not suspect this, as he possesses a blind man's painful knack of feeling his way along high roads worn dusty by the thousand pedestrians that have preceded him.

"Take literature, for instance," he continued. "A relish for the obvious is the qualification for immortality. Shakspeare utters more platitudes than an aviary of modern song-birds. Tupper would have ranked beside him, but for metrical originality. His matter was all right. There was nothing fresh there."

"The trouble with modern Shaksperes," said the President, "is not that they lack obviousness, but that they are not visible."

"We were talking about panics," said the journalist. "All that is original in a man seems to come to the surface in moments of peril. Dickens knew that, and made Mr. Tupman (the most brainless of all his characters) hit out quite a clever line for himself when Mr. Pickwick went through the ice. Mr. Tupman, we are told, 'ran across the country at his utmost speed screaming "Fire!" with all his might.'"

No one made a remark, and the journalist, after an interval, continued.

"Crowds have been known to stand by and let a fellow-creature drown before their eyes, when the means of rescue were easy and to hand. This, I suspect, is not occasioned by callousness, or even by cowardice. The sudden crisis has caused a vast accession of originality. The minds of the standers-by are occupied with the details of a thousand fantastic rescues. Such a commonplace as the stretching out of a hand or the throwing of a rope occurs to no one."

"You should found an order of knighthood," said the poet; "your knights-errant to be pledged to relieve distressed humanity by not going out of their way."

"I would take the vows, for one," said Chandos. "I am sure that the order would be a very good thing."

I made a chaffing comment; but found, to my surprise, that Chandos was quite serious. He was rather a character, this man, and a word about him may not be amiss, particularly as he happens to be the hero of this tale. He was an international water-poloist, and a fair all-round athlete. All his accomplishments were physical, but his interests were mainly literary and speculative. He read little, but loved to hear books and notions discussed; sporting talk bored him invariably. He should, by rights, have been alert and hard-headed; instead, he was absent-minded and dreamy to a degree. This, combined with the fact that he possessed a marvellous memory (he had, for example, the local time-table by heart), made some think that in him a successful literary man had been spoilt. I walked home that night with Chandos, and got nearer to knowing him than I had done before. On one subject, that of his own physical courage, I found him morbidly self-introspective. He was more afraid of fear than any man I had ever met. His self-respect, which was considerable, seemed entirely tentative. It rested on the assumption that he was brave, a point which he admitted had never been brought to the test. He asked for my opinion. I answered, truthfully, that I believed him to possess quite a creditable share of pluck.

"So I think," he replied simply, "or I don't know that I should care to walk about. When I read of men proving themselves worthless in times of stress, of their leaving women and even small children to fend for themselves, I cannot help, however, putting myself in their shoes. I picture their feelings the day afterwards. Think what it must be to discover not only that you are a coward, but that you have been one all your life. What arrears of self-contempt would have to be made up! There was nothing like that, you know, in the old times. If a man was a coward, he knew it; had learnt the truth by degrees, and had become used to it. Nowadays the information comes in one hideous flash, and finds you with the mental habits of a brave man. Your attitude towards yourself then is that of a hero regarding a poltroon."

"As but a very inconsiderable minority are ever put to these fearful tests," said I, "why trouble about the matter?"

"Very few," said Chandos, "lose their lives by falling from great heights, yet thousands are haunted by the dread of it all their days."

"What was said to-night," he continued, "gives me hope that the modern man is not such a funk as he seems, only more stupid. He gets flurried, and cannot think of simple things. I swear, if ever I get into a mess, I will rack my brains until I can think of something utterly commonplace."

"A Knight of the Obvious," I replied, little thinking how soon my companion would be given a chance of winning his spurs.

It came about in this wise. Chandos travels to town every day by the West London Railway, whose line, as everyone knows, runs through the Bell Tunnel, which is nearly two miles long. It is perhaps the darkest tunnel in England, the line making a curve so sharp that daylight is lost sight of immediately. There are but two lines of metals, and the place, despite its darkness, should be as safe as any two miles in the railway system. Nevertheless, it was the scene of a bad accident. An up-train, stopping in the tunnel at no great distance from the entrance, was run into by another. Chandos was in the second train, and at the time of the catastrophe was absorbed in his newspaper. A second after the shock he was seated upon the floor picking a splinter of glass out of his head and smiling contentedly. The lights had been extinguished, but upon the palpable darkness Chandos could read the words, "the obvious," almost as plainly as if they had been thrown by limelight upon a sheet. "We are none of us really injured," I suppose a voice had said, and half-a-dozen people, some of them a little dubiously, had pronounced themselves unhurt. They were getting out, these people, to walk back to daylight, which, they said, was, fortunately, not far. Chandos, though with a different purpose, prepared to follow them. As he left the compartment, a piece of glass from a broken window fell upon the sill and broke into fragments, and in the further corner there began a slow, regular dripping. The noise was very faint—so slight that it escaped the ears of Chandos altogether, but it continued after he had gone for quite a while, with horrid persistence.

Once upon the lines, Chandos set himself to stem the current that had already set towards the nearer exit. The plan he was carrying out had come to him as he sat upon the carriage floor. Starting with the assumption that in every crisis there is a manifest duty which no one sees, and whose neglect has dire consequences, he had arrived, by a process of reasoning that seemed flawless, at the conclusion that he must traverse the tunnel's length, and stop the oncoming down-train, which, should it plunge into the debris of the collision, would certainly be thrown off the line. There was an up-train nearly due, but this, presumably, would have the signal against it. There was nothing startling about the scheme, but, to Chandos, this was its great charm. He would act in an everyday way, and show that by catastrophes he could be neither stimulated nor depressed. In all that vast throng he was (possibly) the only one whose equable pulses allowed him to be quite ordinary, the only man with faculties so normal that he could discern the obvious. The execution of the plan, however, presented difficulties. The human river with which Chandos, like a stout swimmer, contended was momentarily being augmented by tributary rills. These were composed of persons whose first thought had been that nothing very particular had happened, and that their release could wait until it was effected in some regular and official way. It was noticed that these people became, when their first irrational calm was broken, the fiercest of strugglers. Chandos found himself tossed about like a cork, swept from one side to the other, and, had it not been for his almost physical grasp of his object, he would have been carried back altogether. On a sudden the river ceased to flow. A high moaning that quickly deepened announced that another train had entered the tunnel. Neither exit being in sight, the ear, and the ear alone, had to locate the danger, and the ear, the least trustworthy of our intelligencers, was unable to perform the task. The sound came from everywhere. It enveloped the distracted multitude like an atmosphere. They felt it in their faces, at the backs of their necks, while the weight of it seemed to be flattening them on to the line. For shelter men began to rush to the tunnel wall, or to the footboard of the wrecked train. A few ran helplessly from side to side. Chandos kept straight on, the comparative clearness of the course now enabling him to make good progress, though his sensation was that of being swept round and round in a whirlpool of sound. Suddenly the clattering rushed up into a shriek. The noise became localised, and far away down the line there was the shock of a collision. Chandos was quite clear of the trains by this time. It did not take him long to reach daylight, and to climb into the signal-box, where he learned that there was no down-train due. The carriages that were wrecked would in the ordinary course have furnished the next train back.

"You could not be expected to know that, sir," said the signalman.

Chandos had known it, only, in the excitement, he had forgotten that he had a wonderful memory. For the moment he stood, overwhelmed with mortification. It was no consolation to him to reflect that he had not been conscious of fear. Possibly those others who had rushed to and fro could say the same thing. Their faculties had been paralysed by the dreadful happenings. So, apparently, had his own. They were all fan-tastics, he and the rest; originals, departures from their everyday selves.

"In times of peril, the high road to distinction is the pathway of the obvious," he repeated. How distant now seemed the goal! Possibly, however, there was no obvious in this instance, and his offence had been one of commission only, in which case he had done no practical harm.

It was with rather a better heart that Chandos went back into the tunnel. A surgeon was already at work, and Chandos, attaching himself to him, was of considerable service. The sight of blood upset him less than it did the other amateurs. "You did not see the worst thing, though," said the doctor. "It was a child in a white sailor-suit. 'H.M.S. *Constant*' was his vessel, poor little one! He was taken out of a first-class compartment. He had been stunned and cut in the first accident, and left to bleed to death. Not another soul was found in the compartment, but there were business-bags in the rack and two pipes upon the floor. I suppose the child was travelling with his father. I don't know where the man got to, but I hope now, for his own sake, that he is dead."

"*Constant! Constant!!* You could not have mistaken the ship?"

"Good God, man!" cried the doctor, springing forward, and taking Chandos by the shoulder; "drink some of this."

Chandos pushed away the proffered brandy, though his head was describing a half-circle, as a smitten animal's will do before it drops from a fatal blow.

"Whatever your share in this may have been," said the doctor, "I swear that you have acted like a brave man."

"I was reading," said Chandos. "We had entered the tunnel, but I did not know it. I had forgotten where I was, and who was with me. They ought not to be allowed to sell newspapers. Then the accident happened—and I wanted to save people."

"Yes, yes," said the surgeon. He had half-persuaded, half-forced Chandos to sit down.

"We had talked so much about accidents, and it all came back to me there in the dark. I had nothing but those talks in my mind—not even the time-table. I wanted—good God!—to show that I had common sense."

There is nothing to be gained by continuing the story. It is not a very pleasant one to tell. I wanted the world to understand the circumstances in which my friend came to desert his only child. There have been some rather cruel misstatements made about him. I may add that, when his fears were confirmed absolutely, Chandos said but two words, "The obvious." Then he replaced the covering with infinite tenderness, and, until he reached home, he spake no further word.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Among other matters of more sober interest, there is an extraordinary, almost a unique, love-story in M. Waliszewski's "*Marysienka*" (Heinemann), recently translated by Lady Mary Loyd. The lover is the famous John Sobieski, and the loved one is Marie de la Grange d'Arquen, his Queen. Now and again a reader is reminded of the infatuation of the Chevalier Desgrieux for the fair and fickle Manon Lescaut. But the likeness is superficial. Only the Chevalier's incredible patience is repeated in the Polish lover. Sobieski was not so consistently faithful, though he was even more eloquent, and probably not a whit less passionate. But Manon, with all her frailties, had evident charm and winsomeness. While she was in sight of her meek lover, she probably did love him, and she was capable of a kind of mild regret that circumstances prevented him from being as necessary to her as were jewels and luxuries. Manon was not romantic—though one of the most wonderful of all written romances centres round her—but she was more so than Marysienka, Queen of Poland, the most grasping, the most sordid, and nearly the dullest of women who ever had a lover and a pretty face. M. Waliszewski has devoted a considerable portion of his work to painting the portrait of Sobieski as lover. There is a barbaric force in his courtship as in his war. His prowess in the field is well known. Not so well known is his prowess with his pen. He might have won the greatest renown as a framer of romances, but he used all his ardour, all his skill of eloquence, in the vain effort of pleasing or persuading his Marysienka. As his biographer says, "On the pinnacle of a mighty destiny, and in actual human experience, at all events, such love, and such letters, can hardly have existed twice over." There was a good deal of the barbarian about Sobieski, and one of the signs of it was his inability to make anything out of his own victories. In love, as in war, he conquered forcibly, heroically, and then let advantages slip away. He was a type of his country, which was made out of grander stuff than the rest of Europe, yet, for lack of a few civilised mere minor virtues and policies and persistencies, was doomed to failure, humiliation, and extinction.

M. Waliszewski has had a wretched tale to tell in his latest book—the tale of Poland in the fell clutch of the desperate disease of which it died. The air is full of plotting and treachery. But he does show, nevertheless, that, with its limbs all feeble and its head muddled, the heart still beat heroically. Needless to say to anyone who has read his former books, it is written in the fascinating and lively style which is his own special gift, and under which he conceals a great weight of learning. He is the most distinguished living representative of the opinion that History is more of an art than a science, and that the modern attempt to deal with it on the lines of the chemist or the astronomer is doomed to failure.

In recent years "Vernon Lee" has gained much increase of skill in the supreme art of brevity. Perhaps it is not her mode of expression that

has altered, so much as her methods of putting her matter on the page. It may be she is now only an adept in what the newspaper folks call "spacing," and that she merely cuts up her stuff and intersperses a title here and there. In any case, her writing has a much less ponderous look in her two recent books of essays, "*Limbo*" and "*Genius Loci*" (Grant Richards). "*Genius Loci*" is a series of delightful bits out of a wanderer's sketch-book—pictures of places, pictures of corners of places, reflections of moods which places impel, very delicate, very distinguished, and very personal. The little book speaks of Augsburg and Tournai, Siena and Cologne, Piedmont and Bayeux, and ever so many other spots of sojourn and pilgrimage. But it is useless taking it as a guide to any of them. It contains no information worth mentioning, and you feel that, if you were to try and adopt its impressions as your own, it would look at you with scorn. As its writer says, "If other persons should have different impressions of the place, I do not wish to hear about them." Yet she forces hers on her readers? Not at all. What she does is to insist, by the force of example, on the uselessness of travel, and the uselessness of the whole voyage of life, unless you cultivate delicate senses for the happenings of the road, and for the character and the temperament of your resting-places, a temperament which is often sadly out of tune with the historical or commercial facts recorded of it in the guide-books. There are odd, quiet, unobtrusive bits treasured up in her memory; but her sentiment is not afraid of the great places. Rome is to her the type of those that have dominating personalities. "It takes months and years of prosaic residence to really appreciate the extraordinary fashion in which the troubles and trivialities of life, so far from diminishing this imaginative power, are subdued into proper insignificance; lost in Rome's seriousness and serenity, and in that assurance which Rome tacitly gives, like some rare human beings, that life, though short, is worthy of being lived with earnestness and grace."

Mr. Unwin has reprinted Mr. C. F. Keary's "*Mariage de Convenance*," and for briskness and lightness of touch there are hardly any of the newer novels to compare with it. None of his own later stories, certainly, come into competition with this one, to which he gave the most difficult of forms, that of a series of letters. Here and there in "*The Journalist*" there were passages of fuller promise. The characters in "*The Two Lancrofts*" were more interesting personalities, but not so clearly portrayed. "*Herbert Vanlennert*" was a wearisome blunder. Provided you give your judgment into the hands of Mr. Keary, you may pronounce the "*Mariage*" to be artistically faultless. But he may not capture you entirely. And, if so, you will deny that the hero of the earlier letters could, under the impulse of any circumstances, have developed quite so rapidly into something very like a ruffian. He has made Norris in the beginning a science lecturer with vagabond habits and Bohemian tastes. He should have given him an early and intimate acquaintance with green-rooms to account for his putting up with Pauline's milieu, even for a little while. The tolerance of green-rooms (musical or theatrical) cannot be acquired in middle-life. Mere literary Bohemianism is no preparation for it. And as he cannot translate into words Pauline's voice, and can very well translate her vulgarity and her tempers, the passion which would explain all the hero's conduct is not very easy to realise. Surely a less tragic end would have sufficed for the *mariage de convenance*. o. o.

PRINCESS HENRY OF PLESS'S PLANTAGENET ORIGIN.

The portrait of Princess Henry of Pless is as familiar as that of any woman in England; but few people are aware, perhaps, that she can claim descent from an English King. In the current issue of the *Genealogical Magazine*—a very interesting monthly, by the way—her descent from Henry III. is traced thus—

1. *Henry III.*, King of England, married in 1236 Eleanor, daughter of Raymond Berengues, Count of Provence; and his fourth son,
2. *Edmund Plantagenet, Earl of Lancaster* (died 1296), had a son,
3. *Henry Plantagenet* (died 1345), whose fifth daughter,
4. *Jean Plantagenet*, married John, Lord Mowbray of Aylesford. Their son and heir,
5. *John Mowbray*, 2nd Lord Mowbray (slain on his way to the Holy Land, 1368), had a daughter,
6. *Eleanor Mowbray*, who married Roger De la Warr, and had a daughter,
7. *Joan*, who married Sir Thomas West, and had a son,
8. *Sir Reginald West* (died 1450), who succeeded to the Barony of De la Warr, and had a son,
9. *Sir Richard West*, 2nd Baron De la Warr (died 1476), who had
10. *Sir Thomas West*, 3rd Baron De la Warr (died 1526), whose second son,
11. *Sir George West*, had
12. *Sir William West* (died 1595), who had
13. *Sir Thomas West*, Baron De la Warr (died 1602), who had
14. *Sir Thomas West*, Baron De la Warr (died 1628), who had
15. *Henry*, Baron De la Warr, who had
16. *Charles*, Baron De la Warr (died 1688), who had
17. *John*, Baron De la Warr (died 1723), who had
18. *John*, created Earl De la Warr 1761. He had
19. *John*, 2nd Earl De la Warr (1729-1777), whose third son,
20. *Frederick West* (1767-1852), left an only son,
21. *Frederick Richard West* (1799-1862), whose second son,
22. *William Cornwallis-West*, of Ruthin Castle, Denbigh, was born 1835. He married 1872 Mary, eldest daughter of Rev. Frederick FitzPatrick, of Cloone, Leitrim, and had
23. *Mary Theresa Olivia Cornwallis-West* (born 1873), who married on Dec. 8, 1891, H.S.H. Prince Hans Heinrich of Pless.



PRINCESS HENRY OF PLESS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.

A LIVING WHIST AND CHESS TOURNAMENT.

A very interesting Living Whist and Chess Tournament was held at the recent Industrial and Mining Exhibition at Auckland. The Royal Cards were attired in most gorgeous costumes—a profusion of silk, satin, and ermine—and each Queen was attended by her page, who wore a costume of black velvet slashed with silver. The Small Cards were daintily dressed in white muslin. They wore a Brittany cap, and those representing the red cards wore red mittens and hose, card in cap, cards on shoes, large card on skirt, and in their hand they carried a



KING OF CLUBS, QUEEN OF CLUBS, AND PAGE.

“card fan” with streamers; those of the black, black mittens and hose, card in cap, cards on shoes, large card on skirt, and in their hand they carried a “card fan” with streamers. There were two heralds in Beef-eater costumes, claret-coloured; and two jesters quartered in red and white. The four gentlemen players wore their academical robes and caps, and carried bannerets in their hands, having the letters “A,” “B,” “Y,” and “Z” embroidered on each respectively, “A” and “B” being partners, and playing against “Y” and “Z.” The pageant opened with a march, after which the cards took their places on their four thrones. Then followed a stately minuet by the Royal Cards, and a shuffle dance by the Small Cards, at the termination of which the cards were “dealt.” The game consisted of two hands, “A” and “B” winning with the “Vienna grand coup.” When the game was finished, the four players retired, and the entire pack took part in a graceful dance and an exit dance.

The Living Chess Tournament was a great success. The knights were clothed in armour, *cap-à-pie*, having large Cœur-de-Lion cloaks suspended from the right shoulder, and carrying in their right hand a battle-axe; at their left side was slung a broadsword. The red bishops were dressed in accordance with those of the Catholic Church, the white as Anglican bishops. Special mention must here be made of the “castles.” These, contrary to all canons of chess, were four ladies; their costumes were strikingly original and beautiful; those representing the white castles wore white satin dresses embroidered with gold, white castles on the skirts, three tiny white castles on each shoulder, a head-dress consisting of a castle with a large white butterfly-bow and streamers of silk ribbon, tiny white castles on their shoes, which were gilded, gold girdles, white trained satin cloaks lined with red

satin, Medici collars, and carried wands mounted with white castles, in which were beautiful shower-bouquets of white roses. The red castles wore white satin dresses embroidered with gold, red castles on skirts, shoulders, and shoes, and red castle-head-dress, red trained satin cloaks lined with white satin, Medici collars, and large shower-bouquets of scarlet flowers in their castle wands. The pawns wore white muslin dresses, satin chess-boards on skirts, silver distinction letters on breasts, red pawns trimmed with red ribbons, white pawns trimmed with white ribbons, and each wore a dainty cap consisting of a butterfly-bow trimmed with silver for the white and red for the red pawns; in their hands they carried spears trimmed with ribbons, red or white, in



QUEEN OF SPADES, QUEEN OF HEARTS, QUEEN OF CLUBS, AND QUEEN OF DIAMONDS.

streamers. Red checkmated white in forty-two moves. The white king's bishop's pawn, who was skilfully moved throughout, became another white queen, and was duly crowned by the two white bishops. This lent an added interest to the game, and allowed of a very pretty coronation ceremony. As in whist, minuets, gavottes, challenge-dances, and “stately measures” were danced throughout the tournament.

I hear that complaints have arisen in various quarters about the habit, lately acquired by very up-to-date journalism, of publishing the story of a play before it has been presented to a public audience. One manager declares that he will invoke the aid of the Law upon the first opportunity. How the English Law will regard the offence remains to be seen; the French Law, as students of the theatre doubtless remember, has declared itself on the side of the author. In Paris, not even the largest circulation may tell the story of a play before the first night. Sardou put this rule in force when one of the Parisian papers told its readers all about “La Tosca” a day or two before the first performance. He promptly sued the paper for damages, on the ground that premature narration of a play's story was likely to affect its value by satisfying the curiosity of people without compelling them to visit the Box-Office. The Judges accepted this point of view, and gave the popular dramatist a sufficiently large sum to soothe his feelings and atone for his losses. Had they known what a fortune “La Tosca” would bring to its author, in spite of a newspaper's indiscretion, it is possible that Sardou would have been less successful in his plaint.



KNAVE OF HEARTS, KNAVE OF CLUBS, KNAVE OF DIAMONDS, AND KNAVE OF SPADES.



KNAVE OF HEARTS, QUEEN OF HEARTS, KING OF HEARTS, AND ACE OF HEARTS.

THEATRE GOSSIP.

One of the most notable successes in this remarkably successful dramatic season (writes Miss Jeannette Gilder from New York) is that of

Mr. Dawson Milward is the third son of the late Colonel T. W. Milward, who was an Aide-de-Camp to the Queen, and thus is a member of one of the oldest families in Ireland. He has been on the stage only a few years, starting his professional career in Mr. Beerbohm Tree's company, after



MR. J. E. SULLIVAN AS THE GERMAN LUNATIC
IN "THE BELLE OF NEW YORK."



MISS MACDONALD (MISS FAY DAVIS'S UNDERSTUDY).
Photo by Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.



MR. J. E. SULLIVAN AS HE APPEARS IN
EVERYDAY LIFE.

Mrs. Leslie Carter in "Zaza," at the Garrick Theatre. Londoners will have an opportunity of judging of the actress and the play for themselves, as the entire company will appear in London in the course of the coming season.

which he joined Mr. Ben Greet, in whose company he played all sorts of parts, and at the Memorial performances at Stratford-on-Avon in 1895 undertook leading parts in "As You Like It" and "A Winter's Tale." A little later he again "went out" with Mr. Lathom's company to play Aubrey in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," touring all over Great Britain, and for the last six months being general manager of the company as well as their leading actor. Then he came to the Haymarket Theatre to be the Sir Thomas Brunt in "Under the Red Robe," after which he was a manly and charming Captain Alec MacIntock in "The White Heather," at Drury Lane. Before Mr. Milward adopted the stage professionally, he had played over two hundred parts *en amateur*.



MRS. LESLIE CARTER AS ZAZA.
Photo by Sarony.

Mr. Marsh Allen, who has just made such a success as Clement Hale in the revival of "Sweet Lavender," at Terry's, made his first London "hit" as Wilfred Varney, the boy lover and soldier in "Secret Service," when that piece was played by the English company at the Adelphi. Mr. Allen is a native of St. Helens, Lancashire, and was educated at the Beaumaris and Manchester Grammar Schools, and, after graduating, entered the legal profession, though, after a few years, he decided to turn his attention to business pursuits. His first two years on the stage were spent in playing all sorts of odd old men in comedies, farce, and melodrama, and, after that, he was given juvenile work in a round of all sorts of plays, ultimately getting his chance in London, as before mentioned. Then came a short engagement at the Avenue for "The Club Baby," as well as filling in his odd time by playing privately for Lady De la Warr, the Duchess of Newcastle, and others, after which Mr. Terry offered him the juvenile parts in seven or eight of his comedies for his autumn tour, and, owing to having accepted this offer, Mr. Allen was obliged to refuse one from Mr. Alexander to fill Mr. Esmond's place in "The Ambassador" and other plays when he went on tour last autumn. However, all's well

but unfortunately their maiden effort did not hit the public taste, and they were "thrown out" after one performance, and, as each blamed

One of the best pieces of comic acting that London has seen for many a day is the mad German of Mr. J. E. Sullivan, in "The Belle of New York," at the Shaftesbury Theatre. Mr. Sullivan is a New Yorker both by birth and education, and now only thirty-four years of age. He was educated in quite the ordinary way, at a primary school, a grammar school, and a college, and, after graduating, spent most of his time in the theatre. Finally, he and a chum "fixed" (with drinks) a few actors, and read a little sketch to them. The sketch was put on, Mr. Sullivan and his friend playing in it as Miles and Forrest, but unfortunately their maiden effort did not hit the public taste, and they were "thrown out" after one performance, and, as each blamed



MR. MARSH ALLEN AS CLEMENT HALE IN
"SWEET LAVENDER."



MR. DAWSON MILWARD.
Photo by Sarony, Scarborough.



MISS STRATTON AS THE USHER, AT DRURY LANE.
Photo by Hellis, Regent Street, W.

that ends well; and on his return to town, Mr. Terry offered him the juvenile part in Mr. Bancroft's play, "What will the World Say?" and, to use his own words, "my beautiful part of Clement Hale."

the other, the partnership came to an end, and Mr. Sullivan started "on his own," and toured with G. Fawcett Rowe in "Pop." Then, after severe struggles, he joined a stock company in New York, and learnt most of

his dancing and business by watching others and "going one better," but even then the fall of 1886 found him playing for only a few dollars a-week. However, the stage-manager chanced to see him practising some dances, and at once gave him the leading understudy. Then the manager of a Minstrel Show offered him twelve dollars a-week, and with Dockstader he sang and danced until 1887, after which he went on tour with his old manager, and on his return to New York had quite a wide reputation. Since then he has played every sort of part, from melodrama to farce, comedy to pantomime, as well as in comic opera and burlesque, and in 1888 made a success in "The Crystal Slipper," a version of "Cinderella," and, after three seasons with Manager Henderson, he went into farcical comedy and played in "Hoss and Hoss," after which he mounted his own version of "Ship Ahoy," and lost some £2000 in a few weeks. Then he mounted "Manhood," and, scoring another loss, made up his mind to retire from management. Since then he has played in and out of New York in "The Diamond Breaker," "A Review," "Humanity," "Little Robinson Crusoe," and then, with a comedian named Foy, he played in "The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown," and in it made a "hit" as von Mozer, the German music-master, after which they took out a musical farce, "Off the Earth." Then he was secured by Rice for his "Girl from Paris," and afterwards Mr. George Lederer engaged him to come to London with his company, but, though he was anxious to come, his friends kept cheering him with the assurance, "Sullivan, London won't understand you!" However, he came. You know the rest.

The National Opera Company went through a big programme at the Princess of Wales's Theatre, Kennington, last week. "Hansel and Gretel" was produced one afternoon, with Miss Ormerod as Gretel.

Miss Evelyn Hope, who gave an evening concert on Monday at the Queen's Hall, under the patronage of the Worshipful Company of Stationers (of which her husband is a liveryman), was trained at the Guildhall School of Music.

Miss Mary Owen, who gave her first vocal recital at the Queen's Hall on Wednesday last, is the wife of Mr. Ellis Griffith, M.P. for Anglesey, and has a great share of the Welsh talent for song. A large audience gave the singer an enthusiastic reception. Miss Owen possesses a fine soprano voice, which she can use with skill. She was supported by

"Sophia," he has been all over the world, and recently has spent two years in South Africa, where he has devoted himself to elocution.

An excellent concert was given last Wednesday afternoon, at Archbishop's House, Westminster, on behalf of the Catholic Prisoners' Aid Society. As the patronesses included many ladies of high degree, and as the charge for the tickets was a guinea each, doubtless a considerable sum was realised. It was pleasant to note that a most cordial welcome was extended to Mr. Charles Santley—who made his London debut over forty years ago—while Herr Johannes Wolff was rapturously, and rightly, applauded for his violin-playing. Thus are the old favourites rewarded. On the other hand, praise was freely accorded to Miss Nina Bertini Humphrys, a singer hailing from America, where, on the lyric stage and concert-platform alike, she has won much renown. On the occasion under notice she sang the trying Jewel Song from "Faust" with admirable effect. Her voice is clear, rich, and powerful, and it possesses a most sympathetic note. Miss Humphrys is gifted with a beautiful voice, and evidently she is a thorough artist. Another new singer who made a favourable impression is Mdlle. de St. André, who gave a delightful rendering of "Pietà Signor."

The Garrison Dramatic Club at Gibraltar have an acquisition in Captain George Nugent of "Guards' Burlesque" fame. Captain Nugent's latest contribution to dramatic literature is a perversion, more or less respectful, of "Maritana," entitled "Maritana; or, The Gibraltar Gipsy and the Calpe King." Liberties taken with the muse of Edmund Fitzball are easy to forgive, but between that librettist and Captain Nugent it is unnecessary to draw any parallel. The latter, at any rate, makes no pretence to poetry, and frankly strings verses for amusement. The performance was voted a rattling success, the author, as Lazarillo, appearing in a Protean character—

smuggler, soldier, sailor, staff-officer, convict, what not? His "Bribery-drill" for policemen, instructing them how to accept a gratuity in policemanlike fashion, by numbers, in quick time, and so forth, was one of the hits of the piece. Miss Greenwood, the Maritana, displayed a fine voice; the Katalina, Mrs. Bonham, danced capitally; and the dancing of the Misses Pratt, aged thirteen and twelve, was a feature of the show. Bandmaster Guyon (Yorkshire Regiment) was responsible for the music. The piece ran seven nights.



[Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.]

MISS ORMEROD AS GRETTEL.

"With his little black cap upon his head."



MISS EVELYN HOPE.

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



MISS MARY OWEN

Photo by Miss Alice Hughes, Gower Street.



MR. MATTHEW BRODIE.

Photo by Bradley.

Mr. Tivadar Nachéz (violin), Miss Sophie Herzberg (a promising pianist), and Mr. Douglas Lott. Dr. Ernest Walker accompanied.

Mr. Matthew Brodie is coming back to London in July, this time as an elocutionist. Since I saw him first as Tom Jones in Mr. Buchanan's

In connection with the coming "Robespierre," at the Lyceum, with, of course, Marat as one of the characters, it is interesting to recall the fact that, in a piece which was acted at the Lyceum as long ago as 1876, the "villain" was Marat. This was Mr. Robert Buchanan's "Corinne." The part of a "profligate abbé" was played by Mr. Forbes-Robertson.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

When to light up: Wednesday, March 22, 7.14; Thursday, 7.17; Friday, 7.18; Saturday, 7.19; Sunday, 7.20; Monday, 7.22; Tuesday, 7.24.

Many people who used to find pleasure in long walks, and now cycle, will have noticed what a distaste they have for pedestrian exercise. I know men who used to think nothing of a twenty-mile walk, yet now shirk a three-mile stroll. This is not altogether due to an objection for slow progression which most cyclists feel, but it is largely physical. Cycling brings another set of muscles into play than those used in walking, and they become developed and hard. Therefore, when a man walks, other muscles are put to work, and these are weak compared with the cycling muscles, so a man tires soon. As a rule, men who wheel a great deal are rather bad walkers; they get a clumsy gait.

On this point an interesting article has been appearing in a medical magazine. The writer, Mr. S. S. Buckman, points out that, in cycling as a means of locomotion—

(1) The weight is rolled along; (2) The weight of all the body above the legs is supported by the saddle, so that the legs themselves have not, as in walking, to support and propel at the same time, but nearly all the muscular power can be utilised for propulsion only; (3) The duty of keeping the body upright does not fall entirely on the spine and the muscles of the back, because a certain amount of support, more or less, according to the position assumed, is given to the shoulders through the arms by the hands resting on the handles; (4) Practically there is no expenditure in maintaining balance—during propulsion balance is entirely automatic.

Mr. Buckman looks upon all this as something of a backward tendency towards the quadrupedal progression affected by man's ancestors, which man abandoned at the cost of a large expenditure of energy in keeping an upright position. In a few generations, it therefore appears, the race of man will be unable to walk on end with ease.

The Cyclists' Touring Club has spent £1213 3s. in erecting nearly three thousand danger and caution boards in different parts of the country.

We in England keep very rigidly to one pictorial representation on our postage-stamps, that of her Majesty. The Americans give quite a little picture-gallery on theirs—famous Presidents, scenery, railway-trains, and reaping-machines. The Canadians have a stamp showing a map of the world and all the British possessions marked in red. Soon, I am sure, we will have a stamp showing a cyclist. The postal authorities of Western Australia now utilise the bicycle for conveying letters, and have



MISS BEATRICE LAMB.

Photo by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.

issued a special stamp in pale green, with the lettering and design in pink. In a curved line on the top are the words "Cycle Mail." In the centre oval is the black swan of Western Australia. But I've no doubt that before long the black swan will have to give place to the crack cyclist.

I came across a bright little article on curious milestones in one of the cycling papers the other day. One of the oldest known is to be

seen in the Museum at Leicester. It is a cylindrical block of sandstone roughly inscribed with an abbreviated statement to the effect that it was erected during the Emperorship of Cæsar Hadrian, son of the noble Trajan, conqueror of Parthia, in the fourth year of his tribunal power,



THE FIRST BICYCLE PICNIC AT CANNANORE, MALABAR, GIVEN BY MRS. WOOD.

and then adds, "To Leicester, Two Miles." This big round stone was found over a century ago beside the ancient Fosse Way, two miles from Leicester, and narrowly escaped being converted into a lawn-roller. But, though a couple of thousand years old, it is even to-day a good deal more decipherable than the modern wooden arms that stand at so many of our cross-ways. An unreadable mile-post is more annoying than no post at all. Now that there are boards all over the land cautioning us not to break our necks by scorching down steep hills, won't the C.T.C. shame some of the local authorities by putting up decent sign-posts and distances?

America is worse off than England, of course, in milestones. But it is strange that on the old highway running between New York and Albany one finds moss-covered stones erected when George III. was King. Further West, commercial enterprise has done what local authorities have failed to do. On the roadside you come across a whole bunch of boards announcing "Ten miles to Slocum's Dry Store in Wabash," and "Ten miles and a-quarter to Bunkum's Dry Goods Store in Wabash." The whole way is punctuated with distances and business announcements. I would be very sorry to see our pretty lanes disfigured by such advertisements. But they are sure to come unless we have proper milestones.

Cyclists who intend going on a little tour during Eastertide had better be getting into practice. Many a good holiday is spoilt by lack of physical condition, and then over-tiredness from too much riding. Don't go too far in a day. Fifty miles, even forty, is quite sufficient if you want enjoyment. Then, always try to save a bit of riding for evening. It is a singular fact that a man may be tired from long riding in the heat of the day, but he freshens up and does his last ten miles with greater relish than any of the preceding forty.

A special exhibition of Christy Saddles is now being held at the dépôt of the Sparkbrook Manufacturing Company, 14, Holborn Viaduct. This firm has arranged to fit the Christy Saddle to their machines for the coming season free of charge. J. F. F.

YE BICYCLISTS OF ENGLAND.

(With Apologies to Thomas Campbell.)

Ye bicyclists of England,
That "scorch" on English roads;
Whose tyres have braved a thousand tacks
And borne such varied loads;
Inflate your good Dunlops again
To take another ride,
And spin down the road
With a good friend by your side,
Be it in a crowded city street
Or the tranquil country-side.

The exercise is splendid
To make your muscles grow;
So let the good air fill your lungs
While you do puff and blow;
Force round your easy-running wheels
To travel o'er the land,
And scorch gaily on
When there's no one near at hand;
When there's no one whom you might smash up
You'll find that scorching's grand. F. J. C. G.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

Interest in the Grand National is increasing as the day for the decision of the race draws near, and I expect to see a great crowd at Aintree on Friday. The railway arrangements for this meeting are the most perfect to be met with anywhere in England, and grumbling is never heard



THE WELTER POINT-TO-POINT RACE AT RUGBY.

when going or coming on Grand National Day. The course is capital going, and all the fences have been made up and are real obstacles, with no make-pretence about them. Many of the starters will be on the ground before the big brook has been reached, and many more will fail to get the country a second time. I think the race a real good thing for Gentle Ida, and I hope to see Drogheda and Manifesto finish in the first three. All these horses have been well backed each way by the public.

The Liverpool Spring Cup has not yielded very well this year, and it is a pity that this event is always set for decision so soon after the race for the Lincoln Handicap. There were originally only thirty-one subscribers, and, seeing 800 sovs. is given in prizes, this is a bad return. Of the original entry fifteen declared forfeit, so there is no chance of seeing a big field out on Saturday. Mrs. Langtry is a good patron of the Liverpool Meeting, and she will, no doubt, try and win the prize with the aid of Gazetcer or Brayhead; but I fancy the winner will spring from Grodno or the best of the Hon. George Lambton's lot, and it is just on the cards that Sloan may ride for Mr. Lambton; that is, if Lord William Beresford decides not to start Grodno.

I think Sloan is bound to have a very successful season in England, and M. Cannon will ride plenty of winners; so will the brothers T. and S. Loates. John Watts cannot expect to get much riding, as his weight will not admit of his steering horses often in the big handicaps, but he will, as of yore, continue to shine in the classic events and in the early races for two-year-olds. C. Wood will continue to ride Lord Rosebery's horses, and they are said to be a smart lot. Madden is a resolute rider who should show a good average at the end of the season. I hope Bradford and Toon will have better luck this year than last. N. Robinson is certain to show a better record, and of the light-weights, Purkiss, Dalton, and Chapman will get the lion's share of the riding. But good light-weights are still in great demand, and there is a capital chance for a real good feather-weight to shine in the saddle this year.

Mr. Ord, who is so successful as a handicapper, and who may be said to have succeeded to the work that used to be done by Mr. W. J. Ford, is a thorough sportsman. He used to hunt the South Durham Foxhounds, and he continues to ride to hounds as straight as the crow flies. Mr. Ord is a good judge of form, and I am bound to admit that we vaticinators find it very difficult to discover flaws in his handiwork. It was Lord Durham who really discovered Mr. Ord, and any student of the book can see what a number of close finishes take place in handicaps decided North of the Trent. Mr. Ord is very popular with owners and racing officials, and he is the right man in the right place.

There is room for improvement in the refreshments sold on some of our racecourses, but matters have mended somewhat of late, and it is now possible to get a fairly good lunch at a reasonable price at the majority of the race-meetings. The catering is always well done at Sandown by the officers of the Club, and the same can be said of Newmarket, Ascot, and Goodwood. At Epsom, too, the food and drink provided by the Grand Stand Association is of the very best. Until very recently, Clerks of Courses paid little or no attention to the refreshment department, but grumbling became so general that reform had to come, and club members, at least, have little to complain about. Very little drinking goes on on the course, but I would make it a penal offence to sell anything but pure liquors.

Lord Falmouth's colours will be often seen on the Turf this year, and I expect the Duke of Marlborough will have several horses in training

before the season is far advanced. Sir Edgar Vincent is going in strongly for the Sport of Kings, and I am told Lord Warwick will devote more attention to the Turf this year than he has in the past. Things have been going so badly in the City of late that we cannot look for more financial magnates to join the ranks of owners just yet; but Mr. Cassel has largely increased his stud of racehorses, and I hope he will win some good races, as he is a very plucky buyer of horses.

Would-be demonstrators often argue that, because half-a-million is annually given in prizes for places in England, therefore all owners should be able to recoup themselves for the training and other expenses attendant on the keeping-up of their racing studs. But these critics overlook the all-important fact that the bulk of the prize-money is found by the owners themselves, in the shape of entrance-fees, sweepstakes, and forfeits. Of course, if the half-million came from an independent source, such, say, as gate-money, then the owners, as a body, would get their horses trained almost free of cost. The problem-mongers try to prove too much.

CAPTAIN COE.

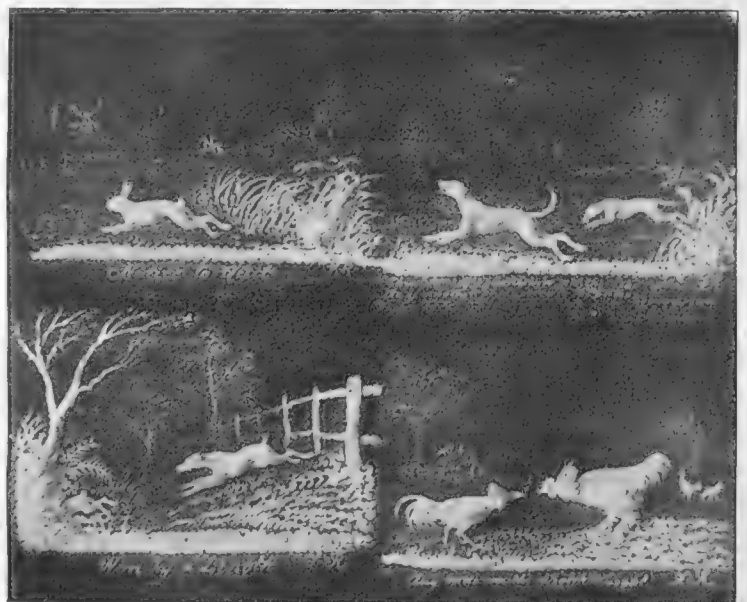
THE BOAT-RACE.

The London and South-Western Railway Company announce that special trains for Putney, Barnes, and Mortlake will leave Waterloo, Vauxhall, and Clapham Junction at frequent intervals, as required, from 10.30 a.m., returning after the race. Tickets to view the race from Barnes Railway Bridge, price ten shillings each (including the railway fare from any London and South-Western station within twelve miles to Barnes and back), can be obtained at the following offices: 30, Regent Street, Piccadilly Circus; 9, Grand Hotel Building, Charing Cross; Exeter Buildings, Arthur Street West, London Bridge; and the Booking Offices, Waterloo Station. Special trains for the holders of these tickets only will leave Waterloo (Central Station), No. 3 Platform, for Barnes Bridge direct at 11.50 a.m. and 12 noon.

ATHLETICS IN INDIA.

Athletics are not inevitably associated in the home-keeping mind with India, but even that fierce climate does not deter our strenuous youth from manly exercise. The Presidency Athletic Meeting was held on Feb. 18, on the Calcutta Cricket Club grounds. It was expected that Lady Curzon would attend to present the prizes, but, owing to indisposition, her ladyship was unable to appear, so her place was taken by the Viceroy himself. The events, which were numerous and keenly contested, included the Presidency Amateur Championship 100 yards race for the Challenge Shield, won by Norman Pritchard, of the Calcutta Rangers, in 10 seconds. He also won the 150 yards and the hurdles. I note with interest the excellent appearance of the Y.M.C.A. in the field. Deefholts of that body won the 300 yards handicap, and ran second for the spirit-barrel in the quarter-mile. Other members made a creditable appearance in the lists, which speaks well for muscular Christianity in Calcutta.

All the Dining, Luncheon, and Kitchen Cars of the Great Central Railway, which was officially opened on Wednesday, have been fitted up with Berkefeld Filters; each carriage contains one or more of these filters. This arrangement, I am sure, will be of the highest value to passengers travelling in these cars, as they can now obtain a glass of water absolutely free from all organic matters and from disease germs.



THE CHASE.

Designed in Sugar by Mr. F. Russell, of Waverline.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

There were three days of solemn brown fog in London last week, as all the town-bound people knew, to their therefore discontent. By some happy concatenation of events, however, a well-disposed friend was inspired to ask this victim of many circumstances down among her violets and primroses for that very period, and no bridegroom ever hastened to the altar (do they hasten nowadays, by the way?) with more blissful ardour than I into that identical county. Shaking the clinging

horizon, four imperative knocks came to my door, and four frivolous granddaughters of Eve were a moment later busily insisting on an instant delivery of views and news as to the last, the first, and the sweetest thing in hats, cravats, or garters, as the case might be. Then, also, there was the latest gossip, and I was asked if Leicester Square has really become a fashionable rendezvous. How guileless are these dear women who vegetate in the Shires through a whole hunting season, to be sure! And, again, if champagne is about to be tabooed for ginger-beer at balls, through the influence of a whole bevy of shocked duchesses; and, once more, if the Jockey Club is about to lay down that



A VERY SMART TAILOR-MADE.



[Copyright.]

A NEW DESIGN FOR WALKING-DRESS.

dust of this venerable Village from my soles with extreme enthusiasm, and alighting six hours later at a well-filled house, I found myself among talk that was chiefly of straight runs, stable, and collar-bones, with the last broken rib thrown in, and where London might have been at Port Arthur for all the interest its Lenten dullness held for men to whom foxes come first and everything else a good (or bad) second. It is certainly nice to leave the overbearing actualities of Babylon for a glint of blue sky, an atmosphere of foxhounds (poetically speaking), and to exchange the more frigid influence of frock-coats for sporting pink or easy-going tweed. But, even in the Shires, and in Lent, women never divest themselves of an ardent interest in the latest clothes, and, before I had time to admire, for the twentieth time, the wide stretch of green country that flowed away from my bedroom window on three sides to the

an M.F.H., like Cæsar's wife, may in future share the same exemption from responsibilities that affect the actions of ordinary mortals. "If so," said Lady A. B.—who is really rather a gossip, don't you know—"what a rush there will be for the post, my dear! Not, as now, seventeen vacancies, and only two found to fill as yet." Finally, we worked back in inevitable sequence to our frocks, and, being really sufficiently full of information, I found myself lamentably in request and assisting at several sartorial overhauls, instead of prowling over the gardens and kennels, as I had solemnly engaged to do. Everything comes to an end, however, and at dinner I had the satisfaction of summing up my neighbours' decorative effects instead of being mercilessly pumped for my own. One pretty little woman who much engaged my attention had done herself to admiration in black, the colour of all

others for faultless skins and what Mr. Swinburne calls so euphoniously "white women." White and pink and golden, this little personage certainly is, and her cloudy black tulle, with ceinture aigrette and corsage spray of diamonds, was one of the most perfect costumes possible to achieve. There was not a morsel of the ubiquitous jet. All was soft, dull, billowy, black, and most excellent it was, to boot. A dress of blue chiffon over mauve, with shoulder-straps and waist-band of light-green velvet, was also lovely; and a third gown, worn by our hostess—who is the rare, pale Margaret sort of woman—struck me deeply in a vital part of the feminine anatomy which may be diagnosed as the envious gland, for I was conscious of wanting that dress for my ain sel' every time I looked at her. This is how it comes out in the telling. The dress itself, made *en Princesse*, was of the softest and palest green miroir velvet, which opened down one side from waist to hem over an underskirt of deliciously light and filmy Limerick lace. The velvet, shaped in oval tunic fashion in front, fell short of the lace skirt which showed underneath. An embroidery of silver and several shades in green chenille bordered the dress. Long sleeves of Limerick lace were set into velvet bands at the shoulder, and medallions of the silver and chenille embroidery adorned the bodice to admiration. It was a quite adorable dress, and hailed from the Paris Paquin. At the one meet I was able to go to while there, I saw the fattest woman I have ever looked upon radiantly got up in a smart beige-coloured cloth trimmed with sables. Her waist must have nearly approached in circumference one of those old-fashioned loo-tables round which our forbears nightly gathered, yet she was arrayed in the lightest possible tones and tints, and with what object, except that of blotting out nine-tenths of the landscape, who can say? Why fat persons will always wear voyant colours is one of the problems with which philosophers in want of a deduction might occupy some leisure moments. The very night I got back to town, another, this time the fattest woman in London, sat before me in the stalls of the St. James's. She wore white satin on her enormous bulk, and a white satin waist-band. Think of that, ye smiling deities! Her progress into the seat was indeed a touching scene, for she touched everything all round her even when seated. While in the wrestle, a fixed opera-glass was sent flying, the chatelaine she wore at her side went too, and the various dresses she passed *en route* were denuded of beads, spangles, and lace, as shreds of such millinery lying on the floor afterwards testified. There was no lack of merriment in the stalls that evening.

A new sort of poplin, rather wide-ribbed than otherwise, is chiefest of new materials, and a frock of it rendered in orchid-coloured mauve, cut *en fourreau*, made a very presentable appearance at Paquin's some days since. Under the tunic a wide shaped flounce of Venetian guipure did its decorative devoirs. This was slightly gathered in front, falling in pleats at both sides, and widening into a short train. The lace was made up over white mousseline, which was again mounted on white taffetas. Around the poplin tunic a design in different mauves wrought in silk and chenille played a highly effective part. Flat sleeves and a yoke collar of Venice lace finished it.

A frock-coat of pale-pink poplin over a skirt to match, trimmed with two shaped lace flounces, sounds courageous for a reception-dress, yet was very successfully worn on the Casino Terrace at Monte Carlo last week by a lady more celebrated for her cleverness in costume than any other virtue. From that spot of light and sartorial leading I also have tidings of a curious combination of pale-drab cloth and lace, which is worn by Countess Torby, the Grand Duke Michael's highly popular and charming wife. This outdoor gown is composed of a long square tunic, descending to within twelve inches of the hem. It is embroidered all around with the now very modish feather-stitch embroidery. A flounce of real lace over drab poult-de-soie meets the tunic. A square yoke of the same lace is set into the bodice. Its style is intensely up to date, for in England we have barely begun our extravagance in lace as yet, though in the fine days approaching we shall, no doubt, prove our right to be thought as smart and extravagant as any others. Quantities of lace and tiny ribbon embroideries appear on most new gowns, while the quantity of jewellery worn in the daytime might put even an Elizabethan coquette out of Court.

One of the few puzzling and unsatisfactory peculiarities of spring-time is that, while everything else in nature is vigorously bent on growing, our hair very often begins to fall out. I have set myself first to explain and then to remedy this disconcerting fact, with the result of alighting by great good fortune on a panacea for all the vicissitudes to which a woman's crowning glory is subject. This is, very briefly, a hair tonic prepared and invented by the well-known German specialist, Dr. Johann Eichhoff. The preparation, only recently introduced to this country, is beginning to be well known already under the name of "Captol." An invigorating lotion *par excellence*, it is also an invaluable preventative of baldness, and, applied regularly to the masculine scalp, will prevent that gradual thinning-out process which is, my young men friends assure me, as tragic an awakening to them as is a first grey hair in our fringes to us. All the best chemists keep "Captol" now, but its head-centre and never-failing source is at the "4711" Dépôt, No. 62, New Bond Street, where, to paraphrase Penley, the Rhine Violet "comes from" also.

"Uneasy lies the head," a wise man hath told us, and the assertion has, doubtless, carried a comforting sense of immunity to generations born out of the purple. Still, even royalty would be justified in alleviating its classically hard fate by trying the soft persuasiveness of the newest mattress, which, stuffed with a new patent material, that is neither hair nor wool, partakes of the elasticity of one and the

softness of the other. The new sanitary mattress is impervious to damp, quite odourless, and thoroughly sterilised. It can be re-made over and over again, is cheap, and, withal, possesses all the seductive virtues of a thoroughly comfortable shake-down. A two-foot mattress costs only twenty-two shillings, with a rise of about five or six shillings per foot, so its price can be easily reckoned up, and those whose comings and goings lie about 11, London Street, Fenchurch Street, E.C., may investigate for themselves this last and best form of bed-furniture, sample mattresses being on view at these offices. I had no space last week to dilate on the "Cuckoo" clothes illustrated, but they are just as smart as the price, which is really saying something.

One of the many distinguished men-milliners of Paris delivered an interesting little lecture, a week or two ago, to a bevy of his fashionable fair customers who had been invited by this enterprising knight of the needle to inaugurate the opening of his splendid new premises with "a five-o'clock." Having paraded and appraised the salons and the creations on view therein, a move was made to the Louis Quatorze Room, where sweetmeats, both literary and material, were provided for a highly entertained audience. In reviewing the introductions and renewal of various fashions past and present, the lecturer had many interesting things to say concerning the causes which occasioned them. One then and there learned, for instance, that, because a Comte d'Anjou was disfigured by corns and joint-swellings, long, pointed shoes first saw the light, and that to the scars and cicatrices on the august neck of Henri II. men were indebted for the very becoming ruff. Louis Quatorze, suffering from vertigo, had immense and highly ornate walking-sticks made for his special use, when all his courtiers followed suit (in the matter of sticks, not vertigo). To Madame Récamier's ugly ears women were indebted for the scarcely less ugly fashion of wide bonnet-strings; while even our stiff, affected modern manner of shaking hands in mid-air originated in the prosaic fact that a certain English Princess, being temporarily affected with a swelling under the right arm, could not lower it to shake hands as usual, whereupon her Ladies-in-Waiting took up the gesture and passed it on, even to the uttermost circles, as a fully blown fashion.

Not so very long ago, when a lamentable accident to a well-known lady in a hairdresser's shop set all the world shaking its head over the vanity of woman and the danger of xylonite combs, none were louder in their moralising denunciations than the chronic bachelor of the club-window. Now, however, by the irony of circumstance, a similar danger has been sprung on the unsuspecting male, and through the medium of his cherished cigar too, which has a certainly no less deeply rooted seat in his affections than has a young woman's back-hair in hers. Both at Nice and Monte Carlo, where the gay world doth greatly abound just now, the street-vendors have been hawking beautifully smart-looking cigar- and cigarette-holders lately, which are gold-mounted, and, to all appearance, made of clear or cloudy amber. So cheap and so seductive are these innocent-looking infernal-machines that a great trade has been done in them. Nevertheless, as some have since found to their cost, the holders are made of celluloid, which is simply gun-cotton, and a highly dangerous preparation. One blew up in a friend's mouth the other day, burning his face severely.

The number of local and national societies that have their headquarters in London seems steadily on the increase. Besides the national societies, Irish, Scotch, and Welsh, there are associations of the natives of different counties and districts, such as the Devonians and the East Anglians, while the many foreigners whom business or pleasure brings to settle in London have also formed leagues and alliances to keep up a patriotic spirit. Perhaps it is almost time for those Londoners who are proud that they belong to, as well as reside in, the greatest city in the world to form a league among themselves in self-defence. The latest addition to the long list of associations of this character is the Society of American Women in London, which held an inaugural luncheon at the Hôtel Cecil a little while ago. Big luncheons of this sort, with speeches to follow, are rather a feature in the social life of the United States, though comparatively rare among the English, who prefer dinners on great occasions, and breakfasts on lesser ones; therefore, as Mrs. Hugh Griffin, the President, remarked, it was by means of luncheons that the Society would strive to cherish peculiarly the American spirit, while "At Homes" would also be given, to which they hoped to welcome large numbers of their English friends. The inaugural luncheon was certainly a very successful affair, and there was a large attendance of ladies whose elegant costumes gave proof of that talent for dress for which American women are renowned.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GIRALDA (Drogheda).—I should have thought you had very good tailors in dear, dirty Dublin. However, if you are jaunting over here for the season, you might go to Alexander Scott, South Molton Street, for habits, to Ernest for the tailor gowns, and to Paquin for dinner-dresses. I spent a week in your country lately, and must say I thought the women better-turned-out across country than in the evening. There was something about the coiffure, too, which induced me to think that a really tiptop hairdresser would find his feet in Dublin. No trouble.

WALTON.—You can order the new corsets from Kate Reily, Dover Street. They are made in Paris.

Mrs. C. (Queen's Road).—See reply above to Walton. It would be well to name this journal in inquiry, as the corsets are unknown yet in town, but Kate Reily can fit them for you.

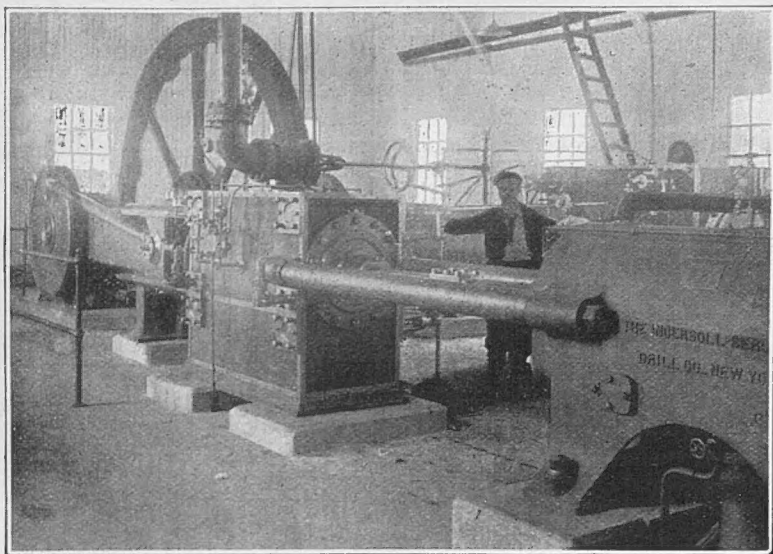
SOLDIER'S WIFE.—It will take all your ingenuity to cut a figure on sixty pounds a-year. Gib. is a gay station, too. Would it not be cheaper to take a maid? If she is tricky in doing things up, you might manage. SYBIL.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on March 27.

THE MARKETS.

Things are gradually getting quieter. As a broker remarked to us to-day, "I had the best January I have ever had in my life, a very good February, but we are all in for a quiet March"; and there can be no doubt that, until after Easter, there is going to be a lull, so far as speculative



SIMMER AND JACK MINE: COMPRESSOR PLANT.

activity goes. Money, too, shows a hardening tendency, and discounts are higher. Only the promoter remains really active, and the air is full of schemes, to say nothing of big conversions, like that of William Whiteley, which would be sure of a very enthusiastic welcome whenever it came. We hear that a large Italian sulphur-mine is about to appeal for money by the issue of 5½ per cent. Debentures, which, considering the rate of interest offered, appears somewhat bold; that a rich copper and gold property from Spain is likely to be brought out; and that a large New South Wales copper amalgamation, including the Great Cobar and other well-known mines, is to be offered here, with a capital of £1,800,000. The market bore the agitation against the amalgamation of the South-Eastern and Chatham Companies very quietly, and the division of Wednesday last had little appreciable effect on the price. Very few people in the City, at any rate, took the hysterics in which some of the daily papers indulged seriously, and the victory of the companies was fully anticipated.

The mining corner is full of gossip about the long-expected Standard Exploration Company of Whitaker Wright, which is to see the light of day in a week or two, and also about the Ivanhoe, in which the house of Rothschild have been buying shares, and putting them into their own name! We hear also that the Gold Coast Amalgamated Mines at 7 are a sure road to fortune, and East Achin at 2½. The big houses appear to have taken up West Africa, and there are several experts out there at present representing the leaders of finance.

FROM JOHANNESBURG.

The following letter from our Johannesburg correspondent gives the views of a well-informed person on the spot as to the future prospects of the largest and most important group of mines on the Rand. The Goldfields group practically commands Simmer and Jack, and, as they are at present the bell-wether of the Kaffir Market, the estimate of the prospects of the big mine are of interest to every speculator on this side.

THE SIMMER GROUP

The Simmer and Jack group of mines has been very conspicuous in the boom, and investors and speculators may have had their fears as to whether prices were pushed too far by the very clever clique who manipulate the shares. Certainly it has been a prodigious rise in the case of a well-proved, steady-going mine like the Simmer, from 50s. in April 1897 to nearly £7 in recent weeks. And in the case of some of the subsidiaries, like Simmer East and Simmer West, for example, the rise from lowest to highest points has been even more wonderful. One must admit that the circumstances of the Simmer and its subsidiaries have not changed so very much since bottom was touched as to account for rises of 200, 300, and even 400 per cent. in share values, and the difference between April 1897 and January 1899 is just the difference between slump and boom times. True, the Simmer was doing only indifferently well in the early part of 1897, and its average yield for the whole of that year was but 31s. 5d. per ton—this with 100 stamps running the greater part of the year. But mining companies have a peculiar facility for getting poor yields in slump times, and no one imagined—even although the

shares were going at 50s.—that 31s. 5d. per ton was the best the Simmer could do with 100 stamps at work.

This question of average yields is a ticklish one, and mining directors and managers are none too well pleased, as a rule, when one draws conclusions which seem abundantly obvious to the man in the street. A study of the last four years' averages of the Simmer is interesting, and it greatly helps one in arriving at the true value of the mine to-day. It is not necessary to go back further than 1895, because four years' crushing at a big basket mine like this affords a good test of what the ore is worth. However, just to glance at the early days, a halo almost of romance is thrown over the astute group of financiers who then controlled the mine, and got yields of 60s. a-ton from the plates alone in the first big boom, the average quickly subsiding to about 30s. in the first great slump. Here are the company's performances for the past four years, since it came under the control of the Consolidated Gold Fields—

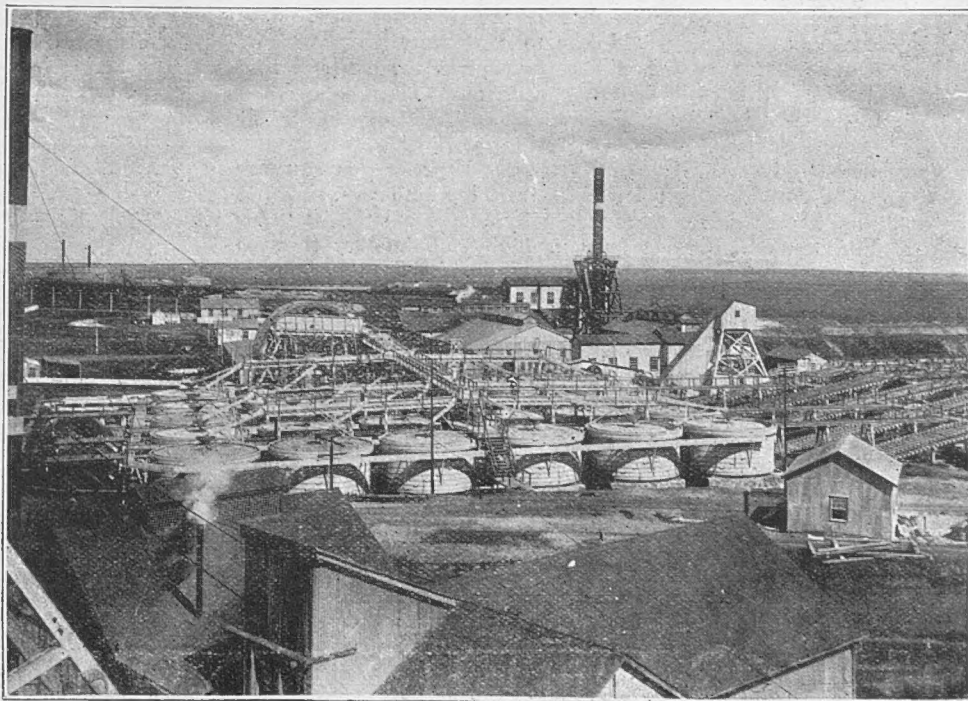
	Stamps.	Tons milled.	Average yield per ton.
1895	100 ...	137,821 ...	46s. 6d.
1896	100 ...	156,930 ...	42s. 8d.
1897	100-200 ...	164,075 ...	31s. 5d.
1898	275 ...	421,870 ...	34s. 3d.

It is necessary to explain that the high average in 1895—the great boom year—was partly due to the treatment of an abnormal quantity of tailings, 428,800 tons, worth 11s. 9d. per ton; but, even making allowance for this, the high grade of the ore crushed is just as noteworthy as the low average of 31s. 5d. in the slump year. What the management would say in explanation of the poor ore crushed in 1897 is that the mine was then in a transition state, and that attention was concentrated upon development and equipment—which, of course, is as good an excuse as any other. The discrepancy in yield between 1895 and 1897 remains, and the man in the street is entitled to his own opinions as to the way the Consolidated Gold Fields people run their biggest mine.

Analysing the various quarters of 1898, we have almost as big a discrepancy between the first and last quarters as between the years 1895 and 1897. The explanation is that the first few months of 1898 really belong to the slump period. What other explanation is there to offer? The yield for the first quarter was 7.6 dwt., and the profit from the mine £23,329. These figures were considerably improved upon in the following quarter, but the supreme effort was reserved for the December quarter, when the average yield was 10 dwt. and the profit £87,818, besides £4610 from the estate—total £92,428. Since the New Year the Simmer battery has still been running upon rich ore, and profits will probably be maintained for a time at over £30,000 per month. The investor wants to know how long this will last, and it is impossible to answer him; but, if he strikes the average yield for the past four years, he need have no difficulty in convincing himself that a 10-dwt. yield is more than the mine can keep up. An important factor is that there are now 275 stamps at work, to be shortly increased to 320. It is a well-known axiom that, the bigger the battery, the lower the grade of ore crushed. In 1895 the Simmer got 46s. 6d. out of its ore, and this with 100 stamps running. The penalty had to be paid, however, and the shareholders of 1897 saw the yield fall off to 31s. 5d. per ton. With the larger battery at work it will be even more difficult to keep up 10 dwt. for a similar length of time, although, with one million tons of ore in reserve, the poorer patches can be left off for a bit yet.

If we assume that the Simmer, with its enormous reduction plant, is unable to maintain a yield of 10 dwt., or, say, 35s. per ton—and the assumption is based on ascertained fact—then all the pleasant predictions founded on recent profits fall to the ground. The profit for the past year works out at 14s. 4d. per ton, but if we only assume—and it is a perfectly safe assumption—that the average yield for a series of years with 320 stamps will not exceed 30s. per ton, then we have the gross profit reduced to 10s. per ton. This calculation allows for the sorting out of 20 per cent. of waste rock. A battery of 320 stamps under the most favourable conditions will crush 45,000 tons of clean ore per month, and at 10s. per ton this represents a profit of £22,500 per month, or £270,000 per annum. It takes £235,000 to pay 5 per cent. on the huge capital of the company, and a margin of £35,000 is too little in the case of such a company to allow for depreciation, annual charges, and occasional shortfalls in the output. Under the most favourable circumstances the company cannot keep up 5 per cent., taking one year with another, and therefore the wisdom of those who were recently buying the shares at from £6 to £7 is not quite apparent.

The company has, of course, a valuable asset in the shares held in subsidiary companies, but, if these shares are parted with at similar prices to what its large holdings of Simmer East and West were sold eighteen months ago, the benefit to the ordinary shareholder will be to a large extent illusory. As regards the yields to be expected at these subsidiary mines, it is not possible yet to speak with definiteness, but going by the Simmer and Jack, and allowing for a smaller



SIMMER AND JACK MINE: CYANIDE PLANT.

battery in each case, we may anticipate an average yield of something like 40s. per ton for a time at least. The development of the Simmer East so far is very satisfactory, and bears out this estimate.

We reproduce a couple of views of the Simmer and Jack Mine.

CHINESE QUICKSILVER.

The next day or two will, unless we are misinformed, see the issue of a company to work the famous cinnabar deposits of the province of Kwei Chau, in South China, and it is expected that there will be a great rush for the shares. Very few people have seen the draft prospectus, but we are betraying no secrets when we say that the concession was originally acquired by a French syndicate, and that the new company will have an international Board composed of three Frenchmen and four Englishmen.

The authenticity of the concession is vouched for by the French Foreign Minister, and, as the mines are situated in the French sphere of influence, it is certain that no international complications with Russia will ensue.

The reports say that 6,000,000 tons of ore are in sight, and that there is a ready market in China for all the cinnabar that can be produced, which, as everybody knows, or ought to know, is the red sulphide of mercury, and largely used for rouge, paints, and other commercial purposes. If all one hears is true, the Rothschild monopoly is in some jeopardy should the Chinese deposits have a fair chance. It is understood that the underwriting was done in a couple of days, and that the French have applied for half the issue firm.

FINANCE IN A "FIRST-CLASS."

Three of them there were, each ensconced in a corner of the carriage, and each vainly struggling to read his morning paper by the faint glimmer that only serves to make fogginess the more visible in the trains of the London and Chatham line. The engine snorted through a tunnel, and, soon after, the trio of first-class-carriage men were dreamily surveying the platform of the ugly little erection which the time-tables euphemistically designate Sydenham Hill Station. A burly form emerged from the foggy cloud outside, made for the compartment wherein were seated our heroes, and in another moment was shaking hands with them all round. The word "Banker" was writ large on his ample visage, and he was immediately assailed by The Stockbroker with an inquiry as to whether he had lost his usual train by dreaming of the relative merits of Consols or Chartered as a medium for maintaining his bank's profits in the money-lending line.

"My dear young friend"—each word was weighed, as though The Banker kept a pair of scales in his mouth—"my dear young friend, to the dullest mind, it would be immediately apparent that you have been buying more British South Africa shares than you can readily pay for at the day of settlement, and are cogitating as to how to arrange your account on the most favourable terms to yourself. I and my Board have ever deprecated the granting of facilities for gambling which are so unwisely afforded by some other institutions in Lombard and Threadneedle Streets, and I actually hear that they will pay for shares which cannot be arranged (am I correct in saying 'carried over'? Thank you) within the Stock Exchange itself. Oh yes, my dear sir, I am perfectly well aware that such action is considered behind the times; but, when you come to think of the——"

"Tommy rot!" rudely ejaculated The Stockbroker. "Do you mean to tell me that the House is to be docked of its right to borrow money on Mining shares just because Lombard Street fancies that speculation is wrong? Why, where should we fellows be without this gambling? You just imagine what the Kaffir Market would be like minus speculation. Consider the ruined homes of the Chartered dealers! Think of the East Rand jobbers crying for their bread! Picture to yourself the 'big houses' eating sackcloth and ashes! Why, the very thought makes a broker's blood boil within him; and what's it all for?"

The speaker paused to recover his choking breath, and glared round the carriage-corners to see who would dare to controvert his passionate defence of the system that provides ninety per cent. of the Kaffir Market with the bare necessities of life. His furious eye caught sight of a quiet smile upon the face of The Barrister, who was sitting in the far corner of the compartment. The man of law took up the challenge.

"What's *what* all for? I hold no brief for either you starving stockbrokers or for the public; but doesn't it seem to you, sir, that people would make a good deal more money by not speculating than by doing so? For every hundred pounds made by an outsider through dealing in your gambling counters, how many hundreds are there on the other side of the sheet? There's old B., now. He is the only man I ever met who always carries matches, and he tells me that he gets them from your office in Throgmorton Street. He said yesterday that he reckoned every match cost him two pounds apiece, and that he filled up his case every day. Now B. is only a——"

"Perfect fool," responded The Broker, whose breath was once more in working order. "He is the very epitome of the British public. Buys when everything is on the boom, and sells 'em when they're flat. That's the way that hundreds of people do, and, if you could only teach men and women to keep their tuppennies during a scare, you would sorely diminish *our* trade, I can assure you. Don't you think so, Old Mortality?"

The individual addressed gave a defiant snort. "Well, if they did, I don't know what would become of some of my companies," he began. "Wants some pluck to go into a falling market, I grant you, and take what shares come on offer; but, for once we are wrong, we are right a dozen times. Our auditors know how to tuck in the profits we make on

dealing in the Stock Exchange, and, after all, it's legitimate business to come to the rescue of your own property when it's got the blues."

"That is all very well," put in The Barrister; "but I seem to have heard rumours of such things as the controlling houses forcing down prices themselves, so as to frighten nervous folks out of their holdings, knowing perfectly well that those same folks will cheerfully come back and buy at a higher price when the aforesaid houses make the market look what you call 'strong.'"

"Proves exactly what I said just now," triumphantly remarked The Stockbroker. "The public is such an ass that it allows itself to be bullied into doing precisely what it is wanted to do—that is, to lose money. Since we have confined the discussion to the Mining Market, take a general case, and say—er——"

"Chartered?" suggested The Banker.

"Yes, Charts., if you like, only the market there is too wide to admit of many liberties being taken with it. It will do as an illustration, though. Suppose Chartered are 3½. Very well. That is pretty high for them, isn't it? and the price naturally attracts the 'bears,' who in this instance must represent what would be the 'Big House' in another concern with a more limited market. In come the 'bears'; bang, bang, bang, and the price falls a quarter. That is quite enough to frighten lots of people, although the company's position is not altered one iota. So the timid holders clear out, the price goes gradually lower as the stream of selling broadens to the fall, and, unless there is some support forthcoming—as there usually is in the case of Chartered—the 'bears' romp home. They know what the public will do, and, as long as it likes to go on losing money, let it. That's all I've got to say."

Silence reigned supreme as the train sauntered into St. Paul's Station. The Barrister had gone, Old Mortality jumped out to secure a cab, and The Banker laid his gloved hand on his friend's shoulder. "Buy me a hundred shares of something that is flat and that there's a 'bear' account in, dear boy," he whispered. "I have a little money lying idle; so take them up, until there is ten shillings a share profit on them, and then take it, sir—take it like a bird! Good morning."

NEW ISSUES.

The Central Italian (M.S.T.R.) Sulphur Company, Limited.—This company, with a share-capital of £400,000, is offering £150,000 5½ per cent. First Mortgage Debentures for subscription. The company is formed to consolidate the sulphur mines of Central Italy, and these have been most favourably reported on by Mr. Arthur L. Pearce. Messrs. Turquand, Youngs, certify that the profits have increased from £7963 in 1895 to £28,101 last year, and Mr. Alexander Young, the head of the firm, backs his certificate by becoming chairman of the company. The front page of the prospectus is a very attractive one, and the Debentures appear a reasonable security, although we should have liked them better had there been a valuation of assets.

Davis and Timmins, Limited, is a company formed to take over the engineering and metal business of Messrs. Davis and Timmins, now carried on at York Road, London. The capital is divided into 60,000 6 per cent. Preference shares and 50,000 Ordinary shares, and a splendid list of customers is given. Messrs. Price, Waterhouse, and Co., and Messrs. Pridaux, Booker, and Co., certify the profits from July 31, 1895, to the end of last year have averaged £9523 per annum, and, as the brokers are Helbert, Wagg, and Co., and the Board is a very strong one, the shares appear to be a very fair investment.

Saturday, March 18, 1899.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

H. R. H.—The company was floated only in August last; an interim dividend of 7½ per cent. was paid in January, and we expect that at the end of the financial year this will be made up to 10 per cent. The shares are officially quoted at 15s. to 17s. 6d. *Lady's Pictorial* Preference, C. A. Pearson Preference, Leyland and Co. 7 per cent. Preference, Chadburn's (Ship) Telegraph Ordinary, or Apollinaris Ordinary, would suit you.

SPECULATIVE.—(1) We believe that there are some great mines in British Columbia, but as to the ones you name, there is very little known of them here. (2) The law of libel prevents us giving an outspoken opinion of the gentleman in question. Don't put any money into his ventures. (3) Inquire in Birmingham. Nothing is known on the London Markets.

A. P.—(1) We should hold. (2) Ditto.

S. J. T.—Very good to hold.

EXMOOR.—It is difficult to advise, but in all probability you are merely throwing good money after bad by joining. If the shares were our own, we should cut the loss at once.

S. B.—We really do not know the cause of the fall, which is said to be the closing of the accounts of weak holders; but we have no opinion of the concern, despite which the shares are still a market tip for a rise.

S. F.—We wrote you fully, and returned the papers on the 18th.

MAJOR-GENERAL.—We have a poor opinion of the electric concern. Many shares are quoted in the Official List which are never mentioned in the papers; only things *actively* dealt in are reported from day to day. Ask your broker to post you an Official List.

We are asked to state that the transfer books of the 4 per cent. Debenture Stock of J. W. Benson, Limited, will be closed from the 18th to the 31st inst. for the purpose of preparing the interest warrants.

WESTRALIA AND EAST EXTENSION MINES, LIMITED.

Cable advice has been received from the mine, dated March 13, 1899, reporting the result of the clean-up of the mill for the four weeks ending March 12, 1899, as follows—

20 stamps running 290 hours, crushed 966 tons, yield of smelted gold 330 oz.